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MONTE CARLO AND JULIA

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CHAPTER I.

THE auto taxi was at the door, and Julia Revell was saying good-by to Madame Nix.

Dinner at the Pension Nix had been served half an hour earlier than usual, to facilitate the catching of the P. L. M. express by the Revells; and the Spanish girl student of the conservatoire, the widow from Bourges, the Polish count, the art student—all the menagerie—were crowding the passage that led to the stairs, and showering their felicitations on the fortunate ones.

They were off to Monte Carlo. Think of it—leaving Paris, and January, and fog, the Rue Lord Byron, and the dinginess of the Pension Nix. Off to Monte Carlo, and the sun, and the palm-trees, and the Casino, and the croupiers, and the sapphire blue sea!

Julia looked round her, sniffing for the last time the steam-heated, stuffy, dinner-scented air of the place.

It was the supreme moment of her life. All the struggles of the last two years, the cheap Bohemianism, her husband's buffets in the struggle for life as an artist, all the evil fairies and evil things which she had conquered by a successful novel just published and paying in England, lay before her in the place and its people. Then she turned her back on them and, followed by her husband, passed down the stairs

to the door leading to the courtyard, and through the courtyard to the street where the cab was waiting. The Rue Lord Byron was bleak with fog, and as they turned into the smothered blaze of the Avenue des Champs Elysées Julia nestled closer to her husband, as if to impart to him some of the triumph and warmth of her soul.

Not that he needed it. Jack Revell was always triumphant and warm. In the midst of the chilliest day or the blackest disaster, his temperature was normal, that is, above normal, for he was a genius, drawing his vitality less from food and drink than from those great sources of force that lie like lakes of generous wine in the country of Inspiration. Julia was practical. Gray-eyed, dove-like, the daughter of a Dean, she had left the deanery and the dove-cote to follow Jack.

The wild feather in her wing had never been suspected till the day she married Jack clandestinely at a registrar's office and followed him to Paris and the delights of the Pension Bollivard—their first home.

Her name was tabooed at the Deanery, and her epitaph in the Close was "Shocking." She was considered dead till she suddenly terribly revived some three months ago and the daily papers were placarded with notices like this:

Third edition exhausted, fourth edition nearly exhausted, fifth
edition in the press.

"THE APPLE"
by
JULIA REVELL

The book created much sensation—why, goodness knows. It was clever, and it dealt fearlessly with certain phases of Bohemian life in Paris, yet many books have these qualities without obtaining much success.

Julia heard the hand of freedom fumbling at her cage-door. A letter from her publisher indicated that the book was selling in thousands, not hundreds, and she could have written asking for an advance on royalties, but she did not. She waited three months, not wishing to appear pressed for money, and three days ago she had received her first check for five hundred pounds.

Instantly on receipt of the check she had decided on Monte Carlo.

"I want to see the sun," said she, "and the gambling-tables, and gentlefolk, and wealth. Besides, I may pick up ideas for a new book."

Jack grumbled. He did not want to leave Paris and his work. He had just made plans for starting a studio of his own; but he gave in, squeezed the paint out of his brushes, packed them, and came.

They were in the Rue St. Honoré now, and now they were treading the mean streets near the Gare du Lyon.

The great station was filled with fog, that white Paris fog which

seems to come from the Seine by way of the morgue. The place was filled with passengers and luggage; passengers for suburban trains, passengers for India and the East, Algiers and the South, Monte Carlo and the Côte d'Azure. They had bought their tickets at Cook's, and a Cook's man piloted them to the great express, sombre and magnificent, drawn up and waiting for a flight that would not cease till it touched to-morrow's sunset on the far-off Italian coast.

Scarcely had they reached the crowd surrounding the carriages than Jack Revell was seized and kissed on both cheeks by a stout man wearing a muffler.

It was Bachellry of the Théâtre Italienne. He and his company were also bound for Monte Carlo and the Casino, where they were to give four performances of "Musette." He was a friend of Jack's, although Julia had seen him only once before; and in a moment she was introduced to the lot: to Madame de Corcieux, the principal star, looking very much like a plain old woman in her travelling get-up; to Marie Miton (otherwise known as Fatou Gaye), looking like nothing on earth but an actress; to Bompard, and Bazin, and Jappardy—the whole company, in fact, who, having shaken hands, completely forgot her, as though the act had rendered her extinct.

The fuss, the cries, the acclamations, the laughter, and the scolding of a French theatrical touring company on wing must be heard to be believed. Jackdaws-making their nests—a reminiscence of the Deanery garden—was the idea that filled the dazed mind of Julia as she took her seat in a compartment which was also, it seemed, to hold her husband, Bachellry, and Mademoiselle Miton.

Jappardy and the rest were in the next compartment—she could hear their talking and laughing as they stowed themselves away.

"They're a jolly lot, are n't they?" said Jack, lighting a cigarette.

"Delightful," replied Julia dryly. "Who is the young woman?"

"She? Why, she's Marie Miton—you've seen her acting in '*La Maison Perdue*.' They call her Fatou Gaye."

"Acting? I've forgotten. What was her part?"

"The Chambermaid."

"Oh, she—Fatou Gaye—why do they call her Fatou Gaye?"

"From a girl in that book of Loti's—what's its name? Oh, 'The Romance of a Spahi.'"

"Have n't read it," said Julia. "I say, do you know that French actresses, even the best, are n't received in society?"

"Bother society!" said Jack.

"I have; but society, after all, is society, and I wish——"

"What?"

"Nothing—I don't want to be a snob—but I wish we could find some other compartment."

"Train's full," replied he. "We're lucky as it is to have only four people in this. Besides, in the Rapide the most awful people are shoved on one. Last time I went south, years ago, I had four bagmen—Germans—and they snored."

"Bagmen are n't bad," replied Julia dreamily—she was thinking of Fatou Gaye, who at that moment, entering, stepped on her toes.

The train had started.

Fatou Gaye smiled, apologized, and seated herself, whilst Bachellry produced a cigar which he lit, after asking permission, and a bundle of papers and magazines from his bag.

He looked over his magazines and papers, grunting the while, and Julia through half-closed eyelids looked at Fatou Gaye.

The most interesting study to woman is woman. Fatou had a sable cloak that must have cost five thousand francs, at least; she smelt of Opoponax, she wore a Tekla pearl as big as a gum-boil on the ring finger of her left hand, she also wore some real diamonds—she had taken off her gloves, else Julia could not have seen these adornments, or the fact that Fatou's hands, though cared for and manicured, were not the hands of a person of birth. They were hard, capable-looking hands; the thumbs were very large, and the nails were very large and dome-sloped. She was glancing through *Le Petit Journal Pour Rire*, which Bachellry had handed her, and Julia watched her whilst she read. She also noticed that Fatou Gaye's nostrils were rouged.

CHAPTER II.

"LA ROCHE!"

The train slowed down and stopped. It is the first stop from Paris, and outside in the black and freezing night Julia heard the engine say "A-fizzy," the clank of the hammer of the man who taps the wheels, a porter's voice, a person coughing on the platform.

Fatou Gaye had disposed herself for sleep, Bachellry was snoring, Jack seemed asleep. They started, and Julia closed her eyes, but she could not sleep.

She was only twenty-two years of age, yet her two years of Bohemian life in Paris counted for twenty. Not till now did she see fully the horror of it, the sordidness of it, the beauty by contrast of the Grundified but clean social state which she had flouted when following Jack.

Jack was a gentleman, their marriage was legal, though clandestine, yet Julia Revell was no longer Julia Ingatestone, the lodestar of curates, the Dean's daughter, the pretty Miss Ingatestone. It was not only that she had changed her name, but she had changed her condition. She knew quite well that if she were to "go back," she might go back to the place she came from, but not to the social condition. She

had "run off with a painter and was living with terrible people in Paris."

"Mrs. Jack Revell—frightful, my dear!"

"The poor dear Dean has never recovered—and she was really a charming girl."

She heard it all by intuition and the ear of instinct. It was not that she had stepped outside the pale of society—nowadays a woman can kick her heels far higher than Julia's before she does that. But she had put herself outside the pale of the correct social circle that held her people, her traditions, and her youth.

"The Apple" and all its frankness was written in a moment of revolt. It was her own story—a story like nothing so much as a problem novel of the Sarah Grand and Iota period turned inside out—with a good past following the heroine instead of a bad. All these thoughts kept sleep from her now, and all these thoughts had been brought upon her not only by the first hour of her release from the Pension Nix, but by the presence of Fatou Gaye.

"Ah, well," thought Julia, "it is only for the journey. Let me once get out of the train, and then—"

She dozed off.

Julia awoke to find herself in a new world. They were away down by the Rhone; northern Europe had been swept behind them by speed, the land of the cactus and the land of color lay beneath the pale and patient dawn.

The few houses to be seen were flat-topped and colored; the mark of the sun was upon the land.

Jack had awakened; Fatou Gaye, terrific in the dawn, with tousled hair and parched lips, was yawning with the perfect *abandon* of her class. The powder was all gone from one cheek, and the paint. Bachellry was making a cat's toilet, with a forefinger and his handkerchief. Jappardy and Bompard, in travelling-caps with ear-flaps down, looked in on them, whilst Madame de Corcieux, also on her way to the lavatory for a wash and brush-up, peeped over their shoulders. She was smoking a cigarette—they were all smoking now, Jack included.

He was talking and laughing, quite one of them, but Julia in her corner was frigid. The broken night, the journey, the morning depression that comes to all of us, the whole position, made her irritable and out of sorts.

When the breakfast-car was put on, she refused Jack's invitation to go there for *déjeuner*, and off he went with the rest.

Then she repented. The thought of a cup of hot tea turned into a desire not to be resisted. She rose, left the compartment, and, struggling from swaying corridor to swaying corridor, reached the breakfast-car, opened the glass door, and entered.

The place was crowded. The theatrical company had seized the seats nearest the door, and there was just room for her, by squeezing, in a seat opposite to Jack.

He was seated by Marie Miton, chatting with her and laughing whilst she devoured hot rolls, butter, and jam. Bachellry, with a napkin tied under his chin, as if he were waiting to be shaved, was also devouring hot rolls, butter, and jam. Bompard, Jappardy, and Madame de Corcieux at the next table were doing likewise.

"Tea, please—nothing to eat," said Julia. "I have a headache. I'm not hungry. No, please; just tea."

Your suffering woman generally starves herself, whereas your suffering man takes a drink; but it is poor sport to starve yourself unnoticed, and as Jack, in the highest spirits, saw nothing of her ill humor and was taking her plea of the headache as true coin, Julia, when the others had departed, took a roll.

"Why do French people insist on travelling with the windows tight closed?"

"I don't know," said Jack, rolling a cigarette. "Ask me another."

"Pigs!"

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, Julia?"

"Nothing. Pass me the sugar, please. . . . Oh, Jack!"

"What?"

"I'm beginning to wish I was dead."

"Heavens on earth!" said Jack. "Julie, buck up! What's the matter? Have I done anything?"

Julia choked, drank a mouthful of tea, and pushed her plate away.

"Tell me what it is," said Jack.

"It's nothing, only—I can't stand these people."

"The Bachellry lot?"

"Oh, not them particularly—they're bad enough, goodness knows—but it's every one. I want to get somewhere where every one is clean and simple—some little place where one could have a little cottage, and know people—quiet country people."

"Well, I'm afraid you won't find that in Monte Carlo."

"Jack?"

"Yes."

"I want you—I mean, I wish you'd come back to England. I know you love Paris, but it stifles me. Could n't you paint just as well in England, in the country somewhere? Lots of painters live in the country, or at the seaside; and I want a little home."

"Well, my darling, you shall have one."

"A little, quiet English place, with a church and a vicar and a Dorcas Society."

"You shall have them."

"I love poor people."

"Of course you do—don't you love me?"

"I mean, poor, humble, clean people in cottages. New Ouay—or is it Newlyn?—would be lovely. You'll come?"

"Bless you, yes!" said Jack, with that easy facility for acquiescence which was only equalled by his facility for forgetfulness. "I'll come anywhere you like."

Her bad humor had entirely vanished. This new plan opened a new horizon; like a child with a new toy, she did not go for the moment beyond the pleasure of contemplation and possession. There was lots of time to smash it when the place and the vicar and the Dorcas Society had bored her sufficiently; but she did not even consider this, and, restored in humor, she returned to her compartment, where the Parisians were now playing cards, pausing in the game only when Marseilles was reached.

CHAPTER III.

BUT now, just as life carries swiftly fools and wise men, the virtuous and the vicious, the painted, the tainted, and the pure, to the great terminus of each generation, so the Rapide was bearing its crowd to their destination. Nice, burning in the afternoon sun, Beaulieu, Villefranche, the blue sea, castellated Monaco, passed Julia's eyes in succession.

Monte Carlo!

Julia stepped from the train into a blaze of sunshine. She felt as if the great warm golden god of day had taken her in his arms and kissed her on the cheek. Palm-trees were waving their fronds in the wind. The crowd was nothing, the journey a bad dream over and done with; this was realization in full measure of all her visions of the south.

She stood waiting for Jack. She saw him rushing about, seeing to the luggage; she saw the express steaming off bound for Ventimiglia. The Bachellry partly had vanished like cigarette-smoke. In the confusion, they had forgotten to say good-by to her. Then Jack came up.

"I've got a hotel," said he, as though he had picked one up on the platform. "Come on. The luggage is being put on a carriage."

"What's the hotel?" asked Julia.

"The Côte d'Azure—Bachellry gave me the tip. It's only ten francs a day, and he says it's clean."

"Well," said Julia, as the carriage started, "I'm glad *that's* over."

"What?"

"The journey. Where are the Bachellry people staying?"

"The Côte d'Azure."

"Stop the carriage," said Julia.

"Why, what on earth is the matter now?" cried Jack, in dismay.

"I'm not going to their hotel."

"Then, where on earth are we to go?"

"I don't know."

"But see here, Julia: this place is simply ruinous, and it's simply full of thieves. The Côte d'Azure may n't be first class, but it's respectably *bourgeois*. Bachellry warned me against cheap hotels here. Besides, we can change to-morrow, if you don't like it."

Julia wavered. Her prudent soul took fright at the idea of big hotels, with big hotel-bills, yards long and filled with ruinous items; small hotels in which they might be robbed and murdered in the night, and exported, packed in trunks, only to be discovered for the edification of newspaper readers, in quarters; hotels where card-sharpers might fleece Jack. She knew enough of French people to be assured that Bachellry's hotel might be, perhaps, not high class, but that certainly it would be safe.

"Very well, then," said she. "Go there, but only for to-night."

They had not stopped the carriage, which had taken its leisurely way up-hill, towards the terminus of the Funicular railway, near which, in the Rue de la Tour, the Côte d'Azure was situated.

"It does n't look bad," said Julia, as they drew up. "It's clean—on the outside."

"Well, let's hope it's clean on the inside," replied he, as the hotel porter came out to take the baggage.

"Yes, let's," replied Julia, as she entered by the swinging glass doors, followed by her husband.

It was—speckless—and the proprietress in her little glass office, a stout French hotel-woman with the well upholstered appearance of her class, gave Julia confidence.

The double-bedded room on the second floor, overlooking the Rue de la Tour, was also speckless, airy, and full of light.

"Dinner's at half past seven," said Julia, reading the card marked "*Avis*" nailed to the door, "and guests are earnestly asked to be punctual, else the full course dinner can't be served to them. We've lots of time to dress." She went to the window and looked out. "How quiet it is!"

"Why should n't it be?"

"Oh, I don't know. The very name Monte Carlo suggests noise and glitter and crush."

"You remind me of that woman in the play who went to Monte Carlo and thought the firing of the pigeon-shooters was the sound of people committing suicide. You'll find crush and glitter enough before you've done with the place, I expect." He was in his shirt-sleeves, unpacking, and smoking a cigarette.

"Jack," said Julia, turning from the window and taking her seat on the couch.

"Yes?"

"I wish you'd promise me to avoid that creature as much as possible."

"What creature?"

"That abomination—Fatou—what do you call her?"

Jack laughed.

"Why, the way you talk, one might think that I was running after her."

"I might fancy that she was running after you, only that I know the type and sub-type to which the creature belongs, and the species."

"Woman."

"There is no such thing as 'woman,'" said Julia, putting up her feet on the couch to rest for a moment before dressing. "Creatures that differ from one another as much as do kangaroos from crocodiles have no right to inclusion in a common family."

"You're complimentary to your sex," said Jack.

"She'd run after you fast enough if you were rich," went on Julia. "As it is, she likes to have you hanging on to her, because you are a good-looking man. My dear Jack, you know me well enough to know that I am incapable of ever developing into that most awful specimen of humanity, the jealous wife, and I know you well enough to give you *carte blanche* to do what you please. I ask you to avoid this person just as I asked you not to wear that awful purple necktie the other day; just as I would ask you, if you were not the pink of cleanliness, to be clean for my sake, if not for your own. To be seen with that woman is equivalent to being seen with your face unwashed and grubby nails."

"But I'm not seen with her."

"Well, I only spoke to warn you of my sentiments in the matter. I have got a fit of respectability, and I have got it badly. Come on, there's the first gong, and I want you to help me fasten my frock."

The *salle à manger* was large and clean and bare and filled mostly with Germans. The Bachellry party were dining at a table remote from the one allotted to Julia and her husband. They seemed to be having a good time, and they were certainly having champagne, and the waiters danced attendance on them in a way indicative of the fact that they were the prize guests of the Côte d'Azur.

"We're nobodies here," said Julia. "It's a sort of distinction—turned inside out."

"How do you mean, nobodies?" asked Jack.

"I'm thinking of that lot over there."

"Which lot?"

"The theatre people. Look at the head waiter. He hangs behind

Bachellry's chair the whole time. There goes another bottle of champagne." Then to the waiter with the wine-card, viciously:

"Apollinaris water, please."

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER coffee, which they took at the *Café de Paris*, they entered the Casino, received their permits, and passed to the rooms.

It was the first time that Julia had ever seen gambling on a big scale; and the sight of the first vast room, the great tables, and the solemn crowds impressed her with an eerie sensation hard to define.

Each table in turn drew her towards it and held her fascinated.

"*Messieurs, faites vos jeux.*" The whirl of the ball; the snarl of the "*Rien ne va plus*"; the voice of fate crying, "*Quatre-vingts, rouge, pair et passe*"; the clink of silver and gold and the rustle of notes changing hands—all these fascinated her ears. The faces and the dress of the women held her eyes.

Jack explained to her the simple beauty of roulette.

"You see those numbers in the middle of the table—they run up to 36. Well, if you were to put, say, a louis on one of those and it turned up, you'd receive thirty-five louis from the bank."

"Thirty-five."

"Yes; it's clear enough: you have thirty-five chances against you, and so you get thirty-five times your stake. There, you see, the figures are arranged in three columns. Well, you can back any of those columns, and if a number turns up in the column you back, you get twice your money; for the chances were two to one against you. Then you can back red or black, or odd or even, or *manque* or *passe*. That's pretty much like playing pitch and toss, for you get only the amount of your stake."

"Where did you learn all that? You've never played roulette, have you?"

"I picked it up in that little book I bought—'*Monte Carlo Intime.*'"

"Let's have a try."

"You'll only lose your money."

"A five-franc piece won't ruin us."

He gave her a five-franc piece.

"What shall I put it on?" said Julia.

"Please yourself. If you put it on a number, you may win a hundred and seventy-five francs, but most likely you'll lose. Put it on a color—you'll have more chance."

Julia put her five francs on black, and black promptly lost.

"Ugh!" said she. "What a swindle! My beautiful five francs!"

"Gone where the good niggers go. I'll have a try."

He put five francs on red, and red won.

"There you are," said he, giving her back her money. "It's jolly, is n't it? Just like fishing."

He put another five francs on red, and red won.

He did this twice more, with the same result.

Then he turned away, jingling the silver in his pocket.

"I knew it," said he; "and black is going to turn up this time." It did, and, though he had not staked anything, his eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"How did you know it?" asked she.

"I don't know. I seemed to get in the vein of it. I felt I could make it turn up."

"Try again," said Julia.

He did, and he lost.

"The feeling has gone off me. One must keep on playing to keep it up."

They passed into the *trente et quarante* room, where gold is the only play.

The crowd here is much more select, and you are much more likely to be robbed of your stakes or your winnings by some enterprising spirit than at the humbler tables.

"Look!" said Julia. "Is n't that Mr. Carslake?"

"So it is," said Jack.

Carslake had been playing, but he had risen and was standing close to the *Chef de Partie*, watching the game.

He was a strong-looking man, with a hard, bitter face and an air of distinction. They had met him in Paris at a students' ball. Julia had danced with him and talked to him a good deal and found him interesting.

He was an artist, just as he was a gambler, theatre-goer, collector of books, to while away the time. He might have been thirty, he might have been forty. It would be very difficult to say. But he had never been young—or had he? Had something happened in his life to cut short youth and harden his face like that? Julia wondered.

Then, as if feeling their gaze on him, he turned, caught Julia's eye, and recognized her.

She could see he was pleased, and next moment he was beside them, shaking hands.

"Been here long?" asked he.

"Only came to-day," replied Jack. "Have you?"

"Oh, I'm not staying here. I'm staying up at La Turbie. I've been there a week. You can get up by the Funicular in twenty minutes or so, and I drop down here occasionally to see life."

"You'll see lots of it here," said Jack. "When did I see you last?"

Oh, yes, it was at the *Qua'tz Arts* ball. Doing much in the painting way?"

"No," replied Carslake. "I have n't touched a brush since I don't know when. Mrs. Revell, do you find this place amusing?"

"Do you mean the rooms?"

"Yes."

"No," said Julia thoughtfully; "but I find them interesting. Don't you?"

"Quite. That's why I came here, for I have n't any gambling tendencies. I almost wish I had. Shall we go into the next room?"

Wandering from table to table, they lost Jack, and sat down on one of the fauteuils to wait for his reappearance.

"Do you know," said Carslake, "if all these people were to turn up here in their national dress, the Casino would be like nothing so much as the *Qua'tz Arts* fancy-dress ball, without the fun and the music. I've been counting Russians, Poles, Spaniards, Norwegians, Greeks, two Turks, a nigger, three Japanese——"

"I was a Jap at the *Qua'tz Arts* ball," said Julia.

"I remember, and you had your kimono folded wrong—right over left. Did you ever get back your fan?"

"Never. It only cost a franc, so I did n't worry any more about it, though a franc in those days was—a franc."

"Those days! Have you come in for a fortune?"

"No; I've written a book."

"I know you have."

"You know I have!"

"Yes."

"And you never complimented me?"

"No—I'm awfully sorry—I compliment you."

"Have you read it?"

"Yes; Brentano sends me all the new books."

"Do you like it?"

"Do I like it? It interested me because it did not seem the book you would have written. It was very clever."

"So it surprised you as coming from me? Thanks!"

"No, I was quite prepared to find it clever; but the tone——"

"Ah, now we are coming to the tone! And what was wrong with the tone, pray?"

"Too modern," said Carslake.

"You are beautifully vague."

"Not a bit. I'm only old-fashioned. The modern woman's book appears to me as the thing she dare n't say in public, but which she dares say in print; and it's not the fact of her saying it, but her wanting to say it, that makes the trouble."

"I have n't said anything that I 'm ashamed of."

"Heavens, no! Your book is a miracle compared to the others; but in my humble opinion you are working on their level when you ought to be working on the heights. I think you are capable of clutching and handling the essentials of great drama, and I don't like to see you working in the school of the petty pornographers."

"What is there in 'The Apple' that makes you think I am capable of clutching and handling the essentials of great drama?"

"Nothing."

"Then, where does your knowledge of my capacity arise from?"

"Yourself."

"But you have only met me once."

"Oh," said Carslake, laughing, "it's the 'once' that tells you all about a person. When you meet a person for the second and third and fourth times, your ideas about them lose their edge, acquaintanceship blunts the critical spirit. Ah, there is your husband."

"I 've been watching a man winning like anything," said Jack, as he came up to them. "He must have collared three or four thousand pounds, I should think. Fistfuls of bank-notes!"

"Take care," said Carslake, laughing. "It's awfully bad luck to see another person winning heavily; for it makes you want to go and do the same."

Jack sat down beside them.

"It does, as a matter of fact," said he. "You feel all the time that you want to get the better of the tables. I wonder what a man feels like who breaks the bank."

"No one has ever broken the bank. You may suspend play at a table whilst they send for more money—that 's all. Well, if you have had enough of the rooms, shall we go out and interview the Café de Paris?"

Outside, in front of the café, they sat for a while, listening to the band and talking. The night was mild and beautifully clear, and a great placid moon had risen over the Alps.

Jack and Carslake were having Manhattan cocktails, but Julia contented herself with coffee. She scarcely spoke, watching the crowd, and leaving the conversation to others.

Carslake disturbed her. It is always disturbing to find that an unguessed person has been watching you and criticising your work, especially when the criticism is unfavorable.

His superior standpoint, the way he talked down from the heights, was enough to raise the very hair on the head of Resentment. Any one else doing so would have been labelled "prig," crumpled up by her mind, and cast away to oblivion. But Carslake was not a prig; and—

"Why don't I hate him?" was the question she was asking herself, a question to which her inner consciousness could make no reply.

They sat talking for half an hour or so, and then they walked to the Funicular station, where Carslake said good-by.

"I expect we'll see more of you," said Jack. "Drop down to luncheon some day. What's your address? The Hôtel de France? Yours is the Côte d'Azur. So long."

"Rum chap," said he as they turned towards the Rue de la Tour.

"What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know. He's always floating about the world, and he does n't seem to have any friends or relations. Lots of money, too. Always alone. Why does n't he get married?"

"I don't know," replied Julia. "Jack, he told me I was working on a low level, and 'The Apple' was n't better than it ought to be—took its character away."

Jack snorted.

"Like his cheek! Makes me *mad*, these fellows who can't do anything themselves criticising other people's work. Tell him to write a book himself."

"Oh, he did n't say anything against the writing. He praised what he called the cleverness of it, but he insinuated that its morals were n't above reproach. He did n't say it in a nasty manner, and—I dare say he's right. He was n't hitting at it so much as at the whole tone of modern books—novels, you know."

"I know, it's all the same. Just like painting. There are always fellows going about the studios, flinging up their hands at modern work, and they never produce anything themselves. You tell Carslake to sit down and write a book, and get a check for five hundred for it, and then come and talk to you."

Julia laughed.

"I'm afraid he would n't understand that rule of measurement. Jack, you dear old thing, you are n't a moralist."

"No, thank God," said Jack. "I've quite enough to do looking after my own morals, without bothering about other people's. 'Live and let live,' is my motto."

"That's not his. I believe if he was married to a woman he cared for, and another man ran off with his wife, he'd kill them both."

"Bosh!" said Jack. "If a woman's not good enough to stick to her husband, she's not good enough to kill."

Eleven is not a very late hour, yet after a long railway journey and a night in the train it seems late enough for sleep.

The Revells thought so as they lay awake.

There was a German card-party going on in the next bedroom, accompanied by the popping of champagne corks. Then French people came laughing and singing down the corridor. Then there was a quarrel between a Frenchman and his wife, growing so acute and shrill

that Julia clung to her husband, and, judging from the sounds outside, the manageress of the hotel had to intervene.

CHAPTER V.

To awake in good health, in a clean, bright room with the southern sunlight pouring through the blinds, is a joy to be marked with the major joys of life, and Julia almost forgot the disturbances of the night before. But she had determined to move.

"Where'll you go?" said Jack, as they sat at breakfast.

"To the biggest hotel, and the best. The Riviera Palace, I think. I liked the look of it yesterday."

"All right. Will you go there and make arrangements, or shall I?"

"I will, if you don't want to be bothered. I have some letters to write, then I'll give them notice here that we leave to-day. I'll go to the Riviera Palace then. Where'll we meet?"

"Meet me at the door of the Casino at half past twelve, and we'll go and have luncheon somewhere. I'm going to potter about and see the sights. I may go over to Monaco to have a look at the Musée Oceanographique. Anyhow, I'll be there at half past twelve."

"You're such an untrustworthy person for an appointment! Anyhow, if we don't meet, I'll come back here for luncheon, and then go on to the other hotel. And, Jack——"

"Well?"

"Do keep clear of the Bachellry crowd."

Then Julia went off to the drawing-room to write her letters, only to find the writing-table occupied by a fat Frenchwoman with a bust. When the latter had finished her scribbling, Julia pounced on the table, only to find the supply of writing-paper exhausted. She went off to the office to obtain some, and returned to find the table in possession of a fat German with a beard, who had brought his own writing-paper and seemed in permanent possession. She went upstairs—remembering a stylographic pen in her bag—and found the servants turning the room upside down.

"No matter," thought she. "I can write to-morrow, and the Riviera Palace will be a better heading for the note-paper."

She went to the office, gave notice that they were leaving that day, and, having engaged rooms at the Riviera Palace, found herself free.

Julia went through the town glancing at the shop windows, held sometimes fascinated by their wares. She was debating in her mind the rival charms of a pendant set with peridots and a pendant almost vulgar with sapphires when a voice at her side said:

"Miss Ingatestone!"

She turned and found herself face to face with Mrs. Freke.

If the Deanery with the Dean inside it, the Close, the cathedral, and the streets of Closeminster had suddenly taken the place of vanished Monte Carlo, Julia might have been more surprised, but she could not have been more taken aback by the image of materialized respectability.

The Frekes owned Holm Hall, three miles from Closeminster; they were worth seven thousand a year, they were allied with several noble families, and the detestable snobbery that lives in a close worshipped them.

The Frekes—there were only two of them—tolerated the Close people at a distance: gave big house-parties when dukes and lords and honorables came down for the shooting and the hunting; opened Holm Hall gardens once a year for a garden party that let in every one not in trade; and then closed up and remained aloof.

They were great travellers. Mrs. Freke, a woman of fifty, childless, thin, and with a wit and mind of her own, had taken a liking to Julia some years ago, and had forgotten her. She did not know that she was married, for the gossip of Closeminster had no interest for Holm Hall.

Coming upon the girl she had noticed and liked, in the foreign environment of Monte Carlo, was quite a pleasant surprise for her. Face, name, and personality all were joined instantly in her quick mind, and pleasurable, for she was *ennuyée* this morning, and a clear English face was a tonic.

"Oh, Mrs. Freke!" said Julia.

Her eyes lit up in surprise and pleasure. To be suddenly and kindly greeted by the great one, after all the snubbing and sparring of the Close and the Deanery, was like manna from heaven to her hungry soul.

"And what are you doing here?" said Mrs. Freke. "Dear me, why it must be over two years since we last met! Where was it? Ah, yes, at our garden party. And how is the dear Dean? Is he with you?"

"No," said Julia. "I am married."

"Married! Ah, that accounts for your being at Monte Carlo! Well, my dear, I congratulate you. Closeminster must be a very dull place for young people. George and I never drive in there but we feel depressed. And how is your father?"

"He is very well, I think. We don't correspond much—he quarrelled with me on account of my marriage. My husband was—not very well off when we married."

"A love-match!" said Mrs. Freke.

"Yes, a love-match. We ran away together and got married."

Mrs. Freke did not seem in the least shocked. Her rather faded eyes lit up. Julia took courage.

"It was so absurd of Father. Jack was poor, but he is just as good as we. But you know how straitlaced people are who live under the shelter of a cathedral. My name is Revell now."

"Well, my dear, cheer up! Fathers always come round. Have you any children?"

"No."

"That's a pity, for grandfathers come round quicker than fathers. Are you busy, or would you care to take a little walk and sit in the Casino grounds for a while?"

Would she care? Poor Julia! If at that moment the angel Gabriel had offered her a wing to conduct her to heaven, she would have turned from him to this plain old lady.

Snob Julia never was, but she was eminently human.

Could she only enlist Mrs. Freke on her side!

They passed along till they came to the open space before the Casino, which they crossed, and entered the gardens.

"I'm looking for George," said Mrs. Freke, glancing about her through the tortoise-shell lorgnette. "We generally meet here in the morning; then we go and have luncheon together somewhere—that is to say, if we don't lunch at the hotel. We are staying at the Hôtel de Paris."

"How convenient!" said Julia. "We are staying at the Riviera Palace. It's further off, but the view is very good."

Within the last few minutes, a plan had formed itself in Julia's mind. If she could make a friend of this woman, if she could get her to ask her down to Holm Hall for a day—even for half a day—her position would be remade in Closeminster.

That dull, sacrosanct lot might watch her ascending like a star in the firmament of London, and only sneer. She knew them so well: "I see Mrs. Jack Revell was at the Duchess of So-and-so's garden party. It's in the *Morning Post*." "Yes, my dear; these writing people creep in everywhere nowadays. No wonder, in the times we are living in, with its Lloyd Georges and Keir Hardies," etc.

But the news, "Mrs. Jack Revell is staying with the Frekes, she and her husband"—there would be no sneering at that.

"Do you know," said Julia, with a little laugh, "I have written a novel?"

"Written a novel? How nice! And what is it about?"

"It's called 'The Apple.'"

"'The Apple!' You have written 'The Apple'? Why, my dear, how clever of you! Every one was talking of it in town, and Lady Laughton made me read it. Such a good aim, too, for I cannot imagine a more useful work than showing up a flighty character like *Jane Smithers*. But where did you get your characters from? They are all so well drawn, and so—so—well, one might fancy it had been written by some one brought up from childhood in that terrible Bohemian society. You never saw people like that in the Close. And yet the

childhood of *Jane Smithers*, that awful father, and that awful painter she married—the man whose socks wanted darning—why, they might have been drawn from life! Astonishing!"

"Oh," said Julia lightly, "once the imagination sets to work, one never knows where it will lead one. I suppose I drew Bohemians so well simply because I have a horror of them."

"It is the case of Charlotte Bronte," said the good lady. "There we have a girl living all her life in a parsonage, and then producing '*Jane Eyre*.' Dear me, dear me, I remember the time when '*Jane Eyre*' was considered a shocking book, quite unfit for a young person to read; and now look at the books that are given to us. Well, your book, at all events, is clean; though it deals with terrible people, like dear Du Maurier's '*Trilby*.'

Julia gave a sigh of contentment. *That* ordeal was over, and she had profited by it.

"I am glad you like it," she said, and those were six of the truest words she ever spoke.

"Of course you are writing another," said Mrs. Freke.

"Oh, yes—that is to say, I am going to start another."

"Ah, well, may I make a suggestion?"

"Indeed, you may. I am only too glad to receive suggestions from capable critics."

"Well, then, in your next book give us something about England. Your life at Closeminster must have given you great insight into the ecclesiastical side of English life."

"It has indeed," said Julia drily.

"And with your power of description of character, what a charming and delightful book you might make of it!"

"I will remember what you say," said the sycophant. "A novel such as you suggest might be done very well about a place like Closeminster. How fortunate it was that I met you this morning! An idea like that may prove invaluable to me, and"—bright thought—"it may help me to make friends again with Father. You see, he is old-fashioned, and does not understand writing books. I almost believe he thinks I have disgraced myself by taking up literature—at least, novel writing."

"I will speak to him when I see him," said Mrs. Freke.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Freke!" said Julia, glowing all over. "If you *only* would! He has such a deep respect for you, and—and if, when you return to Holm Hall, you would let me run down and see you for an hour or two, and bring my husband to show you"—she laughed—"then I might drive on with him to Father, and be reconciled."

She had shot her bolt, and the word "reconciled" was the barb that made it stick. Who is there not proud of the title of Reconciler?

"I shall be delighted," said Mrs. Freke. "You and your husband

can come down to me for a week-end and make your peace. I will drive you over to the Deanery. It is such a pity that a parent and his child should be divided by a misconception."

"I shall never forget your goodness," murmured Julia.

"Of course your father belongs to the old school," went on the other; "and I must say I find something charming about people of the old school in this age of hurry and business. One only finds them in quiet places like Closemminster—backwaters, so to speak. Still, there is reason in everything. If you had run away with a man your inferior in birth, or one of those terrible Bohemian people, or with a tradesman, then, of course, it would be understandable. As for your writing novels—that's nonsense."

"Ah," said Mrs. Freke, glancing up before her companion could formulate her feelings and express them in words, "there is my husband."

Mr. Freke was coming towards them along the path. He was a mild, rather distinguished-looking old gentleman, in well worn gray tweeds and brown boots, and wearing a Marienbad hat with a little tuft at the back of it.

When he had been introduced, he glanced at his watch: it was half past twelve. He proposed luncheon, including Julia in his invitation, and they all moved off in the direction of Ciro's, which is situated in the colonnade opposite the Casino.

To Julia, it seemed that she was ascending from heaven to heaven—a dangerous experience for a mere mortal.

Mrs. Freke was a good table-companion, for she knew most of the people present—at least, by repute. She was an old frequenter of Monte Carlo, and had tales about every one, from Monsieur Ciro and his lovely daughters, to the Russian grand duke at the table opposite to them.

They had nearly finished when Mrs. Freke looked up from the fruit which she was peeling on her plate. "Dear me!" said she. "Who are those extraordinary people?"

Julia glanced round and saw Bachellry, Fatou Gaye, and Jack. They had just entered the restaurant, and were being piloted by a waiter to a table close to the table of the Frekes.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK had been disporting himself at the Casino, and, coming out, had met Bachellry and Company, who had just finished rehearsal for that evening's performance.

Bachellry had reserved a table at Ciro's for himself, Mademoiselle Miton, and Madame de Corcieux; but a furious quarrel at the rehearsal had split the party; that is, had divided Bachellry and Fatou Gaye from the rest for a moment.

To-night, after the performance, they would all be good friends again, supping together and making merry. Just now they were speechless. The devil, jealous of Julia's happiness, had prompted Bachellry to ask Jack to take Madame de Corcieux's place, and Jack, glancing round and not seeing a sign of Julia, had accepted.

You may fancy his surprise on entering Ciro's when he saw Julia at a table with an elderly lady and gentleman whom he had never seen before.

"I don't know," said the unhappy Julia, replying to Mrs. Freke.

For one supreme moment she hung speechless. Was there the slightest chance that Jack might not see her, or, seeing her, have the genius to ignore her? Fatou Gaye was an open condemnation, and Bachellry was n't much better. Jack himself, handsome though he was, had against the background of Ciro's a distinctly Bohemian touch. He was wearing a rather exaggerated bow necktie—one of the abominations beloved of the Quarter. The Quarter had left its mark on him. To Julia's hyper-sensitized eyes, that mark was blindingly evident.

He recognized her, smiled, left the people he was with, and came towards her.

It was absolutely unnecessary, and it was not the thing to do.

"It is my husband," said Julia, the blood surging to her face. She introduced him. He was in very high spirits; he had tried his luck at the tables and had won a hundred francs.

"A hundred francs off five! Well, I must get back to Monsieur Bachellry. I'll meet you at the Côte d'Azure. Have you moved our luggage yet?"

"No," said Julia. And off he went.

Old Mr. Freke was paying the bill with rather tight lips. He did n't like the look of the Bachellry people; they were against his British instincts, and Jack did not appeal to him; nor did the fact that the people roundabout had seen Jack leave the Bachellrys and come to his table.

But Mrs. Freke showed nothing—only a touch of color on the cheekbones. She was quite vivacious, in fact, though she said not a word about Julia's husband.

Then they rose to go.

"And I hope we will meet some time again. Please give my love to the dear Dean when you write. Good-by."

Julia watched them leave. When they had vanished beyond the door, she rose from her seat, which she had retaken for a moment, and, without one glance at her husband, left the place.

But on the colonnade she stood for a moment looking at the sunlit façade of the Casino.

"Well, that's done with," murmured she.

She did not feel angry for the moment. She felt numb and careless; had the contents of the Close and the Deanery defiled before her with thumb to nose, she would not have resented the insult. Then, as she passed along the colonnade towards the Credit Lyonnais the numbness and exhaustion of mind passed slowly, giving place to a great anger.

She was walking now uphill in the direction of the Côte d'Azur, and it would be hard to say exactly where on her road she found herself face to face with Jack in phantom form; for the anger born from a hundred sources had given place to anger born from a single source—her husband.

"Beast!" said Julia. "Beast! beast! beast! I asked him not to go with those wretches. I felt what was coming—even in the train I felt it—and he *would*. Beast, beast, beast!"

She was in front of the Côte d'Azur now, and she stopped, went in, found the luggage had been removed to the Riviera Palace, and, having said good-by to the manageress, followed the luggage.

CHAPTER VII.

AT six o'clock, when Jack entered, Julia was seated in her room.

He had guessed nothing of the disaster he had brought about. Having left Bachellry, he had returned to the tables, and, again playing for small stakes, had been wonderfully lucky, increasing his hundred francs to five hundred.

"Hello, Julie!" said he.

Julia dropped the book she was reading into her lap and looked up at him. She did not say a word.

"I've made a pile of money," said Jack, flinging his hat on the couch. "If I'd only had the courage of my convictions, I'd have made a fortune."

He went to the window and glanced out, to see what sort of view the new room had, and turned again. "I began by putting ten francs on *manque*. *Manque* turned up six times running. If I had only doubled my stakes each time, I'd have made a pile, but I had n't the courage of my convictions. Why, what's the matter with you, Julia?"

"When did you leave those people?"

"What people?"

"What people! Those cads you disgraced me by being seen with."

"Bachellry?"

"Don't mention his name!"

"Disgraced you?"

"Yes, disgraced me. And that was not bad enough: you must not only recognize me, but come to our table."

"Your table! I'm awfully sorry, but—see here, I did n't know. I saw you with a couple of fusty-looking old people, and I thought

maybe you'd be bored and would like to join us, and then I saw you go out. You promised to meet me, and never turned up."

"And you promised me to have no more to do with that lot."

"Did I?" said the easy acquiescer, scratching his head.

"Did you? You did! And then—then at the most important moment of my life, you turned up with them, branding me with your own brand!"

"For goodness' sake, Julia, do talk sense! I brand you—with what brand, and how was it the most important moment of your life? It seemed to me, you were having luncheon."

"Do you know the people with whom I was?"

"Not from Adam."

"Well, they were the Frekes."

"They looked it," said Jack. "The old woman stared at me as if she were stuffed."

"The Frekes of Holm Hall, the only people who could possibly help me to get back into the position I have lost."

"The position you have lost! How have you lost your position?"

"By marrying you."

"I don't see what position you have lost, and all I can say is, if only those two old images can raise you into it, it must have been a d— silly position."

"That's right, swear. You'll be breaking the furniture next."

"I did n't mean to swear, but you go on as if you were half-cracked. Here I come back feeling jolly, and I find you flying at me as if I'd committed a murder. What have I done?"

"Nothing," said Julia, closing her lips on the word.

"You don't think—you're not imagining that I've any—that I care for that painted woman?"

Julia laughed in a cracked and discordant manner.

"It does not matter to me whom you care for. What *does* matter to me is the fact that you don't care for my reputation."

"In what way?"

"Can't you *see* the object you made of yourself to-day, and of me, before those people?"

"The Freaks?"

"Yes, the Frekes. They know every one I know; they fancied I was living amongst respectable people. Mrs. Freke invited me to her house, and then—"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jack. "Look here, Julia, it was n't my fault. I did n't know you'd be there, or I should n't have come; and I did n't know the sort of people you were with, or I should not have come up to you. I know what you mean: Bachellry and that girl are n't the sort of people that those sort of people would cotton to, but, good

heavens, I'm not married to Bachellry! Any one may meet a man like that as an acquaintance. He told me himself that the Grand Duke what's-his-name gave him a diamond pin. Do you know there's a lot of people who would think it an honor to be seen with him? I know your point of view, and those people's, and I'm awfully sorry——"

"It's not only they; it's the whole position," said Julia hardly.

"I don't understand."

"You could n't—you have become one of them. Even in your dress it shows—it's like a disease—even the necktie and collar you are wearing."

"Now, that's nonsense," said Jack. "Can't a man be a gentleman and wear a collar that does n't choke him?"

"Oh, you can't understand," said Julia, taking up her book.

"All right, then," said he in a huff, and off he went, shutting the door, almost banging it.

In twenty minutes or so he came back, announcing that it was time to dress for dinner. His good humor had completely returned—cigarettes and a whiskey and soda had helped it back—but Julia, unstimulated, had nothing to meet him with but a request for his help in fastening her frock.

Downstairs, in the enormous dining-room, Julia wished that they had stayed at the Côte d'Azure. She felt an outsider amidst all these well dressed women.

She was hypersensitive, for no one noticed her, or, if they did, only as a simply dressed and pretty woman; but the feeling grew and spread even to the waiters. She fancied that they were inattentive; she thought possibly that the hotel people, knowing, doubtless, that they had come from the Côte d'Azure, looked down on them.

"No, thank you," she said, when they had finished. "I won't go out again. You can if you like. And, Jack, I shan't stay here. I'm sick of Monte Carlo. I'll go to-morrow; not another night will I sleep in this place."

"Where shall we go?" asked Jack. He was beginning to enjoy himself, especially at the tables. He had vague dreams of making a fortune at the tables, playing low to begin with, and then, when he had accumulated sufficient winnings, starting a real campaign; for the painter and fine artist in his composition had for companion an optimist and dreamer not above dreams of gold. There was also somewhere in the cells of his brain an instinct for gambling, the disembodied instinct of an old Revell who in long past years had been a pillar of Crockford's. The instinct was already awake and rubbing its hands.

He did not want to leave Monte Carlo.

"I don't know," said Julia. "Somewhere quiet, very quiet, where I can write and not be bothered with people—a desert island, for choice."

"Ah," said he, "I know."

"What?"

"Never mind, I'll think it out. Well, if you won't go out, I'll have a turn. Don't sit up for me."

He went off, and Julia turned to her book. She read till half past eleven, and then, as he had not returned, she went to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I've found a place," said he next morning at breakfast.

"Where?"

"Not far off; a place as quiet as a church. Guess where!"

"I can't."

"La Turbie."

"Oh! Why, that's where Mr. Carslake is staying."

"Just so. I thought of it last night, and took the Funicular up there. I saw him, and had a smoke, then I walked back. I've taken rooms."

"And if I don't like them?"

"Well, we can move somewhere else. But you will."

"Perhaps," said Julia.

She went upstairs to pack—the packing always fell to her—and when she had finished, and the luggage was strapped, she looked round to see that nothing was forgotten.

Then she came downstairs. Jack had paid the bill, and a carriage was at the door, the luggage was put on it, and as Jack got in he gave the coachman the address.

"La Turbie—the Hôtel de France."

"The Hôtel de France?" said Julia. "Why, that's the hotel Mr. Carslake is stopping at."

"Yes, I told you, did n't I? Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," said Julia indifferently. "He won't spoil the place—he's clean."

La Turbie lies high above the City of Pleasure—three or four thousand miles above it, to the soul.

The modern town is just a street—houses built on either side of the Route Nationale—and, inconspicuous, on the right hand side as you go towards Nice and almost opposite the entrance to the old town, lies the Hôtel de France.

Julia liked the place at first sight. There were tables and seats in front of the door. You entered and found yourself in a large restaurant which occupied nearly the whole space of the ground floor. There was a bar with a marvellous variety of bottles behind it, and no barmaid; a large stove in the centre; wicker chairs; rather coarse but absolutely

white table-cloths, and a basket of crisp French bread. The place was so clean, so honest, so picturesque, and so lovely, that Julia's heart was at once taken by it, and she almost felt grateful to Jack.

The landlord soon appeared—a little man in slippers, with a rosy face, a humorous eye, and a ready laugh.

Would Madame come upstairs to see the rooms?

The landlord's wife accompanied her.

The rooms faced the street—two rooms connected by a stone passage, and having use of the same broad balcony. They were airy and clean, marble-floored, and the balcony had a chair and a table—an absolutely ideal writing-place, for it was roofed against sun and rain.

"Charming!" said Julia. "I'm delighted. Oh, if we'd only come here first, instead of to that inferno down below!"

Then, the traps having been brought up, she closed the door, and the Revells found themselves alone.

They went out upon the balcony, and sat looking at the people in the street.

Carslake was coming along smoking a cigar on the opposite side of the way. As he crossed the road, he looked up, saw Julia, and bowed.

"You see, we have come," said she, leaning over the balcony rail.

"How do you like the hotel?"

"Awfully."

"Glad."

"Been down to Monty?" asked Jack, leaning over.

"No, I've been to Eze. Come down, both of you, and join me. I'm going to have a lemon squash. It's quite the correct thing here, to sit in front of your hotel on the pavement. Right."

They came down and joined him at a marble table.

It was the first time that Julia had seen him in the light of day. The man you meet in evening clothes is sometimes a surprisingly different person from the same man seen in morning attire. But Carslake was just the same; clothes did not alter him, and Julia noticed with a certain satisfaction that he belonged to the same type as old Mr. Freke: inconspicuous, well groomed, neat, in middle-aged, well-cut tweeds.

Jack told of his success at the tables the day before, and Carslake smiled. He seemed to regard Jack and his doings from the amiable but higher standpoint of a man of the world, who sympathizes with art but does not share the artistic temperament.

"Be on your guard," said he, "or the tables may suck you in."

Jack laughed and lit a cigarette.

"You needn't fear that I will be sucked into the tables. You can't be if you put a limit to yourself. I only dabble at the thing for fun."

"Oh, I never thought you would," said Carslake. "Only, human

nature has a passion for warning. It's only equalled by the passion for getting into mischief. Are you lunching here?"

"Well," replied Jack, "I'm thinking of running down to Monty. What are you doing, Julia?"

"I'm staying here."

Carslake looked at his watch.

"It's twenty to twelve. If you are going down to Monte Carlo, I'll go with you. I have n't been down since the night before last."

"All right," said Jack. "You won't be lonely, Julia?"

"Not in the least," replied she. "I have lots to do." Then, without saying good-by to Carslake, she went into the hotel.

Carslake glanced after her; the faintest perceptible smile passed across his lips and vanished.

CHAPTER IX.

"I CAN'T make women out," said Jack, as they waited for the train.

"Who can?" replied the other.

"You know," went on Jack, "we came down here in the train with some people, friends of mine—Bachellry, the man who is playing at the theatre here, and his company. They are n't bad people in their way, and yesterday I met them and went to Ciro's for lunch, and who should I find there but my wife, lunching with some fusty old English people. And, oh, my! did n't I catch it!"

"From the fusty old English people?"

"No, from my wife."

"What had you done?"

"Nothing. She said I'd disgraced her by being seen with Bachellry."

"Don't know the gentleman."

"He's all right to look at, only, you can tell, of course, he's theatrical. But, you see, Julia has been brought up awfully strictly. The very word 'theatre' would give her old father fits, and her marriage with me has set all her people against her. Painting is another thing that gives them fits. They're church people."

"I know the sort," said Carslake.

"I thought Julia had got over all that humbug, but you can't alter a person's nature. She'd have been all right, of course, only for these rotten old people from her place—the Freaks. They have a big country house down near Closeminster, and Julia reckoned on them squaring things up with her father—she's fought with her father over me."

Carslake smiled. This new light on Julia and her aspirations seemed to amuse and interest him. He questioned the ingenuous one without seeming to do so. Everything that throws a light on a woman's mentality is of interest to a man like Carslake. When Jack had finished, Carslake's

powerful face fell into repose. He seemed to be weighing something in his mind. Then the train arrived, and they took their seats.

Outside the Café Anglais, Carslake proposed *déjeuner*.

"Did you tell your wife that it was I who suggested La Turbie to you?" asked he, as they lit their cigarettes after the meal.

"No; why?"

"Because if she does n't like it, she will visit the sins of the place on my head; so remain dumb, please. Well, shall we adjourn to the Casino?"

They passed out, and just as they reached the street two ladies who were passing stopped and turned. One of them had recognized Carslake, and Jack waited whilst Carslake went up to her. He could not hear what was said, but two things struck him: the women were of a certain type, and the conversation, though animated, seemed scarcely friendly. The women were English, and the one to whom Carslake seemed addressing all his remarks had the stamp of refinement upon her, indelible, yet blurred by the usage of the world.

She had once been that complex thing called "a lady"—one could have sworn to that fact; also to the fact that she was now that simple thing, a *demi-mondaine*.

Once, for a moment, she grew shrill, as though disputing some point at issue.

Jack chuckled to himself. There is nothing your mediocre man enjoys so much as seeing your highly respectable man in an equivocal position. He remembered what Julia had told him about Carslake, and what he had said about "The Apple."

Then the latter himself came up.

"That's all the good one gets by being charitable," said he. "Help one of these unfortunate people once, and they look on you as an enemy if you don't keep up the business."

He seemed irritable, a strange condition with him, and Jack did not force the subject. Nor did he care a fig about it, for they were ascending the Casino steps now, and the spirit of the place had his mind in charge.

On entering the rooms for the first time, Jack Revell had experienced no other sensation than that of curiosity. The taste for gambling was the last vicious taste that he would have suspected in himself, and he would have resented the epithet "gambler," just as he would have resented the appellation "drunkard." He would still; and yet no gambler ever, perhaps, entered the rooms with a more burning desire for play than he to-day.

He took his stand with Carslake at the table which is known to the *habitues* of the rooms as the suicides' table.

The ball had just spun, and the bank was raking in its winnings.

"*Messieurs, faites vos jeux.*"

Carslake put his hand in his breast-pocket and produced a note-case. He took a note for a hundred francs from it.

"I never play," said he, with a laugh; "and I am only doing this to see how luck is with me, just as you hold a straw to see which way the wind blows."

He put the note on red.

The ball spun and clicked into a socket.

"*Premier! Rouge, impair, et manque,*" came the voice of the croupier.

"You have won," said Jack.

Carslake left his stake on the red and won again.

"Fortune is with me," said he, putting the money into his pocket. "I'm going before she turns against me. What are you going to do?"

"Play," said the other.

He put a louis on *impair* and won.

"Well, good luck to you," said Carslake, but Jack did not hear him or notice his going. The game had him.

He backed *impair* again and won.

A lady who had been winning raked her money together, and, rising, vacated her seat, which he took.

He had five louis in gold in his waistcoat-pocket, and in the side-pocket of his coat he had a pocketbook which contained all the available money they possessed—some four hundred and fifty pounds. It was Julia's money, and to carry such a sum on one's person was not wisdom; but in France, where checks are not, and where all payments are made in coin or notes, people take risks that they would not take in England.

He had been staking single louis up to this, and winning.

He doubled his stakes, and won again.

To increase the stakes when one is winning, and to increase them when one is losing, is a human instinct, and one of the main promptings of the gambler.

In five minutes Jack had lost every gold coin in his possession.

He had not lost much, as losing goes, but the bank had given him a blow almost as painful as a physical blow in the face. He sat for a moment telling himself inwardly that he had been a fool. If he had *only* not doubled his stakes, he would have had enough to tide him over the bad streak. There was nothing to be done but to take a lesson for the future and get back what he had lost. He put his hand into his pocket, produced his pocketbook, and changed a five-hundred-franc note.

Then with great caution he began to play again.

He was backing *manque* against *passe*. He won louis after louis, shifting sometimes to *passe*. And then, just as though he had never received a lesson, he was doubling again, and not only doubling, but quadrupling.

In less than twenty-five minutes two more bank-notes were changed. He could not stop. The imperative desire to regain his position held him at work. Once, bravely risking fate, he won fifty louis at a spin of the wheel. Ah, the turn had come at last! Now was the moment to press the victory home. He had been backing *manque* against *passe*; this was the first time *manque* had turned up during the last five spins of the ball. He would hit hard now, and escape from his position, scale the heights to safety, with two or three violent efforts. He left his stake on the table and added twice the amount, still backing *manque*.

The croupier spun the ball, and Jack Revell prayed to *manque* as he had never prayed to God.

The ball continued rolling for a few seconds, hesitated, and fell into its fate-appointed socket with a click.

"*Trente. Rouge, pair, et passe,*" came the loud Belgian voice.

Jack had lost.

He continued playing, but only with single louis, and he had a horrible run of luck with these small stakes. Six times *manque* turned up, and all he made out of the run was six louis. It was this run of luck that brought him to his senses, like a douche of cold water. He rose to his feet and crossed the room to the door of exit.

Outside, in the great atrium, he examined his resources. He had lost three hundred and twenty-five pounds, and all in the space of two hours or a little over. And the money was Julia's. He had spent her hard earnings on what? On buying an hour and a half of the most acute mental suffering he had ever experienced.

He crossed over to the Café de Paris and ordered some whisky, which he drank, almost unconscious of what he was doing. Then he sat smoking cigarettes and listening to the chatter of the people round-about, which mixed with the music of the red-coated band.

He sat for a long time, then he looked at his watch. It was five o'clock. He remembered Julia up at La Turbie, and the remembrance brought him the first real pang since his dramatic awakening in the atrium of the Casino.

She had been such a brick, and had stuck to him so well through all the bad time. She had worked so hard at her book, and she had trusted him with the money it had brought her. He would work to pay her the money back, he would pot-boil, paint friezes for fat millionaires, do anything, till the debt was paid off. Optimistic by nature, he did not feel the weight of the money loss so much as the disgrace of his own weakness. He could *never* go to Julia and confess; say to her, "I took your money to-day and played with it, and lost the greater part of it."

Half an hour later he was on the heights of La Turbie and walking towards the Hôtel de France.

CHAPTER X.

THAT morning, when Julia was left to herself, she went upstairs and began to unpack. Unpacking is one of those mechanical operations that assist thought and sometimes feed it.

Jack's evening-suit recalled to her the Casino on their first night in Monte Carlo, Carslake, the Côte d'Azure, the German card party, and the quarrel between the Frenchman and his wife. There was nothing belonging to the unfortunate Jack that had not some tag of Bohemian remembrance clinging to it.

She came upon a pair of his socks, which wanted darning, and the remembrance of Mrs. Freke's words about the awful painter with the holes in his socks shot up in her brain.

She rolled them up and flung them into the bottom of the wardrobe.

But she soon ceased to think of Jack. She was thinking of Carslake, and wondering why the thought of Carslake made things seem different, somehow, and brighter.

She analyzed, or attempted to analyze, this feeling; but directly she put Carslake into her crucible, he turned into thin air. She could not tell in the least why the thought of him was welcome, or why his presence was desirable, or why his presence altered the Hôtel de France; gave it an extra touch of picturesqueness and welcome.

"Am I in love with him, then?" asked she of herself; and the reply came promptly, "Not in the least."

She could measure her answer by her past experience of love.

Jack, for instance. His handsome face had haunted her from the very first moment of meeting him. She had met him when on a visit to London. It had been love at first sight with a vengeance; the craving for him was like the craving for water in a desert, and the object of her craving was, from the first, quite definite.

Carslake's face haunted her as little as his boots or his walking-stick. She had no craving for him. Why, then, had he such power to make a place almost part of himself?

She took her writing-materials out on the balcony. As yet she had no very definite idea for her new book. To have any worth or vitality, a book must be born and not made; and a woman's book, unless worthless, must be born of a concrete and personal seed.

It was as well, perhaps, that in the moment of despondency *déjeuner* was announced. Julia, looking at her watch, found that it was half past twelve. She left her writing materials to look after themselves and came downstairs.

After it was over she fetched her hat, and strolled along the road that leads to the high platform from which the Funicular train plunges down to Monte Carlo.

It was a perfect day, and a dome of unbroken blue stretched from far-off Italy to the far-off Esterelles.

Far down, zigzagging amidst the olive-trees, she could see the Funicular train ascending from the town below.

It stopped at the platform, and a number of people got out, and amongst the others was Carslake. She was standing at the wall that overlooks the platform, and when he glanced up and saw her she nodded to him and smiled.

"I've been watching you nearly all the way from Monte Carlo," said Julia as he joined her—"not you, but the train. Did you feel any antagonistic influence?"

"No; why?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me that everything I watch to-day must have a ban on it. I feel like Malevola."

"You certainly don't look like it. What's the matter?"

"Everything."

"That, as a rule, means nothing—or indigestion."

"I've got indigestion with the world," said Julia. "What have you done with my husband?"

"I left him in the Casino. Let's sit down. There's a seat over there, and we can get a bit of breeze. What particular bit of the world has given you indigestion?"

"The bit you call society. Have you never felt the same?"

"No," said Carslake. "I've always refused to swallow it. And what particular bit of society is it that disagrees with you at the moment?"

"A bit I dislike and despise, and yet which—which——"

"Yes?"

"I don't know how to put it. You could n't understand unless you knew all, and you could n't know all unless you knew my life from the very beginning."

"Instruct me."

"You'd have to be born again in the form of a baby girl before you could understand—born in a Close, as I was, in the midst of propriety, with a father who was a father and a clergyman at the same time. Now, I'll just tell you something, so that you may see what a contrary thing human nature is. I never remember anything at home that was not humdrum and starchy. I never remember a single person in our set who was not unoriginal and *bourgeois* in mind. I do not recollect a male or female who was not a good deal of a snob. I was a little snob myself."

"A charming one, I'm sure," murmured Carslake, lighting a cigarette.

"Quite, in appearance," said Julia placidly, "but not in heart;

yet I had originality enough to despise the others, without knowing exactly what I despised. Jesus Christ was a carpenter, was he not?"

"I believe so," said Carslake, rather startled by this sudden turn.

"And a carpenter ranks below a shop-keeper, and a shop-keeper ranks below a professional man."

"So I have always believed."

"Well, the Close people who worshipped a carpenter and made a very fat living out of Him wiped their boots on the professional men of the town, looked on the tradesmen as people look on disgusting forms of beetles, and, as for carpenters, did not consider them at all. I'm talking from the inside of the business, and I know. Please don't think I'm jaundiced and one-eyed. I can see that the Church does splendid work, but the splendid work is not done by the people who take the fat and give others the lean, who pride themselves on their position in the church—sanctified souls!"

"Go on," said Carslake, laughing. "The Church from the inside is much more amusing than the Church from the outside."

"I'm not saying all this to prove anything. I'm just telling it to you to show the contrariness of human nature. You'd think I'd be glad to get rid of the lot and never see them again. You'd think I'd be quite happy to cut myself adrift from them. Well, I'm not. I've taken up a different way of life, and those people whom I despise despise me. I've made myself a black sheep—at least, a gray sheep—amongst these people."

Julia was on the point of tears. Self-revelation with a woman nearly always ends up with tears. Carslake, somewhat astonished by her frankness, said nothing. He knew that silence on his part was the best styptic for the lachrymal ducts.

"You see," said Julia, "it's not so much the people I am angry with as the whole position. If I had gone the whole hog and married a butcher, I should n't mind. Our position is all right—Jack is a gentleman, and I'm a lady, I hope; we can go into any society if we have money enough; but I have been cold-shouldered out of a clique; that's what 'gets me.'"

"You are quite incomprehensible to me," said Carslake. "You escape from a stiff little set, absolutely destructive to art and the common-sense that makes life worth living, and you are unhappy because they won't let you back. Do you mean to say you would take up your life in Closeminster again?"

"Never!"

"Then, why on earth do you grumble?"

"Because I am a woman. If I could only make these people eat humble-pie *once*, I should n't care if they were all swallowed by an earthquake next minute. Yesterday I met a woman whom they all adore

and worship at a distance simply because she has seven thousand a year and snubs them. I was on the point of getting her to sit on them for me, and then my husband appeared with some French theatrical people he had picked up and my plan was spoiled."

"The best laid plans of mice and men——"

"Gang aft agley." Well, my plan has gone agley with a vengeance. However, there's no use bothering. What's the time?"

"Ten minutes to three," said Carslake, looking at his watch; "and dinner at the hotel is not till seven. Would you care to walk to the golf-links?"

"I don't play golf."

"You could n't if you wanted to: they are only just completing the links, and they won't be fit for play till next year."

"Let's go, then," said Julia. "Golf-links without players will be a new and pleasant sensation. Are they far?"

"Not too far to get there and back before dinner."

They started.

The sea-bathing society which incidentally manages the Casino of Monte Carlo exists primarily for the encouragement of open-air sport and healthy exercise, to judge by its efforts in these directions. At a cost of over forty thousand pounds, Monsieur Blanc has constructed a golf-course on the mountain-tops above La Turbie, built a palatial club-house, and engaged a professional to superintend matters.

Julia and her companion began their ascent to the links by that zigzag military road up and down which the motor-cars now whiz laden with gamblers turned golfers and vice versa.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY looked at the club-house which was building and criticised it. Then they walked on till club-house was out of sight and golf-links forgotten in the presence of those mountains, the view of which now spread like a panorama before them.

"Let's sit down for a moment," said Carslake. "Here's a bank that's simply a mattress of wild thyme. Wicked to think of the Casino exploiting this place and letting loose golfers on it!"

"You are n't a gamy person, are you?" asked Julia, glancing sideways at her companion.

"No, I have never had time for games."

"You've always been busy?"

"Yes," said Carslake, with a little laugh. "I've always been busy."

"I'll try to guess your profession," said the ingenuous one. "I love trying to guess such things, although I'm nearly always wrong. May I?"

"Fire away," said he.

"Well, we'll eliminate the tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor. I don't think you are any of those—and you're not a doctor. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"You're not an author. You're not a solicitor—you might be a barrister."

"Might I?"

"Yes, but you are n't. I give it up."

"So do I," said he.

"Besides, it's not of any interest to me to know a person's profession. One guesses just for fun. Do people's faces interest you?"

"Immensely."

"I'm always studying faces, and I'm going to make a confession: I'm nearly always wrong in my estimate of a person; that is to say, when I go entirely by his face."

"Or her face."

"No; I'm generally right about women. You see, women for a million years or so have had nothing to fight men with but subterfuge, and men are so addled after a million years of delusion that they are n't able to judge women's faces. Have n't you met lots of men married to women they'd have flown from if nature had given them the power to read a woman's physiognomy. You often hear women saying, 'How on earth did that awful girl capture that nice man?' and then you laugh and say, 'Listen to those cats.' It's not cattishness at all; it's knowledge. No, women are nearly always right about women."

"And about men?"

"They are often wrong. Now, you, for instance—I should never have judged you at first sight as caring for art or books. I should have said you were a big-game hunter or—"

"And you would have been right."

"How?"

"I am a big-game hunter."

"You are?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Oh, of course, I suppose you shoot tigers and things—every one does that now. I meant a man like Selous or that other man, Schillings, I saw once in Paris—a professional."

"I am a professional."

"A professional big-game hunter?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens!" said Julia. "Then I was right. Well, I congratulate you on having chosen a noble profession."

Carslake laughed, and there was a ring of real merriment in his laugh that made Julia glance at him. As a rule, his laughter did not convey merriment.

Neither of them noticed the fact that the club-house had vanished from sight.

From Bordighera or Ospedaletti you will often notice clouds upon La Turbie and the heights above it. One of these clouds had just settled upon the seaward side of the golf-course. But the cloud which you would have admired from the Italian coast was here a wall of white fog—white as a leper and cold as death.

The sun dimmed slightly, and Carslake looked up. Then he turned and perceived the fog.

He sprang to his feet.

"By Jove! It's coming on thick. That's the worst of these mountains—they cloud up in no time."

Julia rose.

"Look!" said she. "It's coming along just like a moving wall. Shall we wait till it passes? If we don't, we must walk right into it."

"It does n't matter in the least," said he. "We'll get into it, any way. Come on."

They walked towards the cloud billow that was steadily drifting towards them. It looked so hard and definite that one might have thought meeting it one would have been at once engulfed; yet that was not so in the least. The air grew misty around them, tatters of fog blew past, the mist increased, and then, gradually, they were in the thick of it, absolutely cut off from the world, so that if they had stepped aside one from the other for a few yards they would have been as invisible one to the other as two people in separate rooms.

"Is n't this vile!" said Julia, stopping dead.

"Utterly. But come on. I don't want to lose the track. Confound it, I believe I have!"

Julia looked down at the ground they could see only for a yard or so around them. The track they had come by was little more than a bridle-road, marked by a few wheel-ruts. There were no signs of wheel-ruts here; nothing but coarse grass and clumps of thyme.

"Let's try to the right," said Carslake.

They did, and found nothing.

"What is the good in bothering about the track?" said the girl. "I know quite well the direction we came from, and it's quite easy to take it."

"All right," said Carslake, with a laugh. "You be the guide."

She led the way quite confidently.

"The club-house will be on our right," said she, "and the road down to La Turbie straight before us. It's quite simple."

The fog as they went grew thicker now, and now thinner. Sometimes a faint trace of a ghastly pale and sinking sun appeared, only to be instantly blotted out.

They had gone a hundred yards, or maybe a hundred and fifty, when Carslake stopped.

"Do you know," said he, "that the ground is rising? We are beginning to go up-hill."

Julia could have cried. The depression of the fog added itself to her utter and sudden loss of confidence. She had been sure they were in the right direction.

"I thought as much," said Carslake.

"Then, why did n't you say so?"

"What was the use? We were both equally lost, and you seemed so certain. I thought you might have some special instinct—one never knows. Anyhow, we have a base to start from: the club-house lies to the right of the hill, and if we can reach it we shall find shelter till this stuff blows by. Come on."

They turned their backs to the hill and started, advanced some two hundred yards, and then found that they were going down-hill.

"We've missed the club-house," said Julia, "but we've found the way to the road, and once we are on the road——" She stopped dead before a newly cut drain into which they would have stepped the next moment.

"We did n't pass this thing when we came," said Carslake. "No, this is n't the way to the road; but it may lead us to the club-house."

A faint wind, icy chill, was moving around them—one could not tell from which direction it was blowing. Now and then it would cease, and every time it ceased it seemed to come from a different quarter, a thing as tricky and sinister as the fog itself. To the fog was added an increasing darkness, for the sun was now sinking.

Julia shivered, chilled to the bone and chilled to the soul.

All at once she felt a cape of warmth on her shoulders. Carslake had taken off his coat and was wrapping her in it.

"No," she said. "Don't, please. I'm quite warm without it. You'll be frozen. I will *not*——"

"We'll talk about that later on," said he, buttoning the top button around her neck. "I'm in command of the expedition just at present, and my orders must be strictly obeyed. Now, come on and help me to find this place. First we'll try up the drain in the direction we don't think it is, then the other way."

"But you'll be frozen without your coat!"

"It takes a lot to freeze me. Now, come on and let's see what we can do."

They skirted along the drain to where it ended at a patch of broken ground. Then they harked back.

It led them a long way, but at last they were rewarded. Something loomed up suddenly before them. It was a wall of the half-built club-

house. The builders and workmen had knocked off work for the day, and the place was deserted.

Carslake leading the way, they skirted along the wall till they reached a doorway. The ceilings were not in the lower rooms, and the rafters alone stood, and the floors were not finished. The dim light revealed a ghastly skeleton of a room, rough walls, earth floor, and rafter ribs above. A huge bundle of laths lay in one corner.

"That's all right," said he. "You wait for a minute, and you'll see a change. There's firing enough and to spare, and I've got plenty of matches and some old letters to start with. Hold on here a minute till I prospect and see what else I can find."

In five minutes he returned laden. He had found three old sacks, a window-frame, and an axe.

"Those fellows have left all their tools," he explained, "and there are window-frames enough to make a bonfire. The sacks will do to sit on, and I got an extra one for an overcoat. I'll start the fire first with laths, and then we'll negotiate the window-frame."

He began breaking up laths, and when he had enough he made a pile on the floor of the half-finished room.

She watched him kneeling down and arranging the sticks in a scientific fashion. In the gloom and fog he was almost invisible. The whole business was horrible and depressing beyond words. Her shoulders were warm, for the coat was of Harris tweed, but her feet were like ice. She considered the fact that it must now be after six o'clock. By no possible means could they get back for dinner at the hotel; and if the fog did not lift, what would happen?

As she stood watching him, she recalled all the instances she could recollect of men and women lost and alone with each other; she thought of Mrs. Freke's face, of her father's face, and of the hundred other faces that would lengthen like drawn-out concertinas, if they could only know!

This thought almost gave her comfort, and with it came the first flame and crackle of the fire. The broken up laths burnt splendidly, and, touched off by the glow of them, her spirits rose. Why should she care or bother herself? The position was not of her making, and the promise of cheerfulness dispelled the misery of the fog and brought the faint touch of adventure that lay in the situation.

The walls glowed, and the fog in the room now became dispelled to a haze, whilst Carslake, axe in hand, attacked the window-frame. It was of fine, solid wood and took a good deal of breaking up, but it burned to admiration.

Julia laughed.

"One would think you were breaking up your own property," said she. "I wonder what the Casino people will say in the morning when the workmen come and find what we have done."

"They will say most likely, 'D—— those gypsies!' and the next lot of real gypsies that come along will catch it hot. Now I'm going for more sacks and frames. There's no chance of finding any food, but that does n't matter much, as I expect this fog will lift before long. Won't be a minute."

In a few minutes he was back, with two more sacks and fuel enough and to spare. He placed two sacks on the ground near the fire, and they sat down.

He took a cigarette-case from his pocket, and offered her a cigarette, which she declined. Then he took a pipe and tobacco-pouch from another pocket, filled the pipe, and began to smoke.

Julia unbuttoned his coat, took it from her shoulders, and gave it to him.

"I'm quite warm enough without it. It's a good thing there's no roof and the smoke can escape through the rafters, else we might be smothered as well as baked."

After a while Carslake got up and went to the door.

"There's not a sign of its lifting," said he, as he came back and took his place by the fire. "I'm awfully sorry. It was my fault not noticing the change of the weather; but what's done is done, and can't be mended. It looks as if we'll have to camp here all night, unless you'd like to risk it and make another attempt to find the road. I'm willing, but I warn you if we get lost it will be a bad business, for the dark has shut down now on top of the fog."

"Never!" said Julia, with a shudder. "I have had enough of groping in a fog."

"If you like," said he, "I'll start alone and try and find my way down to La Turbie and get help."

"And leave me by myself? I should be dead of fright in ten minutes. No, there's no use bothering; it's not our fault. I don't care. If you'll do the fire up, and if you could find me an extra sack or two for a pillow, I'll try and go to sleep. I'm dead tired. It's the mountain air, I suppose."

"Right," said Carslake. "It's a comfort to have to deal with sensible people sometimes."

He got up and went out, returning presently with a couple more sacks and another window-frame.

He rolled them up and made a pillow of them for her, she lay down, and then he covered her with a sack. Then she lay watching him as he prepared his own bed and some more firewood.

He was absolutely unconcerned, and as she watched him she could not help congratulating herself on having such a companion. She conjured up visions of being placed in a similar position with, say, a nervous curate. Then she thought, with a slight qualm of the heart, of Jack.

Jack was doubtless now sitting biting his nails and waiting for her return. The hotel people would tell him that Carslake had not returned either. She pictured Jack waiting up all night for her, and his face on her return in the morning. This thought dispelled her qualms and gave her almost pleasure. She hoped the incident would be Bohemian enough for his taste.

"Well, there we are, settled for the night," said Carslake, sitting down on his sack and refilling his pipe. "What we *must* do is to get away from here bright and early, before the workmen arrive. I have a particular objection to having to pay for those window-frames, not to say being hauled before Monsieur Blanc. It's just the thing for the newspapers. Can't you see the head-lines in the English papers?—'Amusing Incident on the Golf-Course of Monte Carlo.'"

"Don't," said Julia; then she began to laugh. "After all, it would be rather fun. Fancy my father's face! And it would n't be a bad advertisement for my book."

"There you are!" said he. "The author speaks out. I believe if an author were being tortured to death by red Indians, his last words would be, 'What an advertisement this will make for my last book!'"

"And why should n't he? It only proves that he thinks more of his work than of himself. Shows his sense too. There's nothing in the world worth living for but just one's own work. It's the thing I'm going to live for in future."

The warmth of the fire, her tiredness, and the soporific mountain air were having their effects. She saw Carslake getting up to put more sticks on the fire, then he seemed to grow immensely in height and then to dwindle to nothingness. Then she was talking to Jack on the Casino steps, and Mrs. Freke was coming out of the building with a bundle of bank-notes in her hand, dressed in a hop-sack skirt and a beehive bonnet; then even dreamland vanished, with all its fantastic people chloroformed out of existence by the mountain air.

Julia was awakened by Carslake's voice.

"It's time for us to go," he said. "The sun is not over the hills yet, but it will be very soon, and those workmen may be here at any minute."

She rose in a panic and put on her hat.

"What time is it?" she asked, as she drove the pins through.

"I don't know—my watch has stopped. Fortunately, I woke up in time, though. Are you ready? That's right."

They came out into the fresh, sharp morning air.

The sun had risen over Italy, and was striking the seraphic blue of the early morning sea. The snow-clad Alps far inland were all flushed and rosy and golden in the level light. Only the club-house and the golf-course were still in shadow.

They found the road without meeting any one, and began the descent to La Turbie.

Half way down they were passed by a motor lorry filled with workmen. They were the workmen ascending to the club-house.

"They'll never suspect it was we," said Carslake. "We look far too respectable."

"Do we?" replied Julia. "I don't feel it. I feel grubby, and I'm sure my face is black, and I don't know in the least if my hat's on back to front or not. However, it's all in the morning's work. I say——"

"Yes?"

"How about going back to the hotel? Hadn't we better go separately?"

Carslake laughed.

"I don't see the good, so far as the hotel people go, simply because—because——"

"I know—they'll know we were both out last night. Were people ever put in such a position before? We *can't* tell them about the fog, for if we did we'd have to tell about the club-house, and then there's the possibility that they might talk, and we'd be had up and the thing would get in the papers. I could tell the landlady that I stayed in Monte Carlo with Mrs. Freke—Mrs. Freke would never know. But explanations are abominable; and no one ever believes them."

"Bother explanations!" said he. "We'll face it out. No, better still, we won't. I won't go to the hotel at all. I'll go right down to Monte Carlo, and won't turn up at the hotel till later on. You go to the hotel, and when you arrive, should you see any one, simply say you stayed last night with some friends. I don't come into it at all."

"Ah," said Julia, "that's better; but it seems a shame that all this bother should fall on you. You must be longing to get back to your rooms and a bath, and now you have to go down to Monte Carlo. What will you do there?"

"I'll be all right. They know me at the Hôtel de Paris. You need not worry about me."

"Well, I'll never forget it."

"Neither shall I."

"I meant the kindness of your thought. Most men don't think for other people like that."

They passed down the zigzag road, now bright with sunshine, till they reached the Route Nationale and the road that led downwards to Monte Carlo. Here they parted, and Julia took her way to the hotel.

She had not gone far when she saw a figure walking in the same direction and only a couple of hundred yards ahead. It was Jack.

She quickened her pace almost to a run. She was anxious to get the interview over and done with; she firmly believed that Jack had been

out hunting for her, and was now returning to the hotel after his fruitless quest.

Then as she drew nearer some instinct told her that Jack had not been hunting for her, that he had been out all night, and was only now returning from Monte Carlo. There was a hang-dog look about the unfortunate Jack to her eyes, his hat was tilted on the back of his head, and he walked in a spiritless manner—almost shuffled. He was wearing, too, the light overcoat which he always wore over evening-clothes.

"Jack!" She was only a few yards from him when she called and he turned. He looked weary and worn; yes, he was in evening-clothes still, and his tie was crumpled, and there was a wine-spot on his shirt-front.

"Jack," cried Julia, "where have you been?"

"Down in Monty," replied he. "Could n't get back in time. What are you doing out at this hour?"

"I came out to look for you."

They passed along towards the hotel. Julia did not see in the least why she should enter into the story of her adventure of the night before, and for the first moment or two she blessed the good luck of this meeting; for now there would not be the slightest scandal at the sight of her return—with her husband. Yet, strange to say, this ease of mind, so far from making her indulgent towards the other, acted in a diametrically opposite manner.

His debauched and crumpled appearance disgusted her; her nerves were "frazzled" by the adventure of the night, the keen morning air, and the fact that she had eaten nothing since yesterday at noon. Then the remembrance of Fatou Gaye came to her, and the thought that as the Bachellry people were the only friends he had in Monte Carlo he had doubtless been with them—or some of them. So it came about that, instead of being brought to book for the adventure of the past night, Julia began the attack.

"It's all very well saying you could n't get back, but you could have walked," said she. "What I want to know is, where have you been?"

"Where have I been?" said the unfortunate.

"Yes, where have you been?"

CHAPTER XII.

You will remember that Jack Revell arrived at the La Turbie platform of the Funicular railway at half past six the evening before. If he had looked up, he would have seen the cloud that engulfed Julia and Carlslake forming on the hill-tops, but he did not look up. He made for the hotel, and found to his relief that Julia was out.

His reason for coming home lay in the fact that to enter the Casino in the evening one must be in dress-clothes. The Casino held him like a gin. It was utterly impossible for him to resist the temptation to return there that evening, and, as he put it to himself, "try to do something."

Finding his wife out, Jack Revell got into his evening-clothes with all dispatch, and, telling the landlord of the hotel to inform Julia that he was dining with a friend, took the next train down to Monte Carlo.

He had in his pocketbook the hundred and twenty-five pounds in notes, and some loose money in his pocket. He searched in every pocket, and marshalled the odd money, which amounted to three or four louis. Then he began a tour of the tables, glancing at the play and the players, sometimes trying a five-franc piece, as if to test his luck, losing now, and now winning.

Then, from irritation more than anything else, he began to play for bigger stakes, won, lost, and won again. He obtained a seat, and luck came to him: he won fifty pounds in twenty minutes. Growing cautious suddenly, he reduced his stakes to a louis at a time, and continued winning; flew into a temper with himself for his caution, increased his stakes, and began to lose; lost till a hundred pounds were swept away, caught himself up, and, playing for a louis at a time, won five times in succession.

Then he had a succession of small losses, and then, without knowing how it came about, he found himself floating on the flood of success, staking and winning largely, and feeling that this would never end. He was preparing for a last grand *coup* which would have landed him out of all his difficulties, when he found that the game was over.

He had not noticed the croupier's words at the last spin of the ball. The tables had closed for the night, and the crowd was breaking up and dispersing.

Jack looked at his possessions. He had a hundred and forty pounds, fifteen pounds more than he had started with. He felt that Fate had intervened to prevent his winning, and certain that if she had only held her hand for another five minutes he would have been saved.

He left the Casino and went over to the Café de Paris, where presently he met Bachellry, who had just left the theatre. Jack accepted an invitation to supper, and after supper adjourned to Bachellry's rooms for a game of cards. Two other men, friends of the actor, joined them, and they sat playing till three o'clock in the morning, when, it being too late for Jack to return to La Turbie, Bachellry made him up a bed on the sofa in his sitting-room.

At dawn Jack awoke with a headache, and the remembrance that he had lost over ten pounds at cards. This small loss seemed to him worse than all his other doings.

He determined to leave the hotel at once, fly to La Turbie, and confess all to the unfortunate Julia.

He could hear Bachellry snoring in the next room. That happy man, who had won two louis at cards and had drunk nothing but *eau sucré*, was sleeping the sleep of the just, and heard nothing of the departure of his guest.

Jack was approaching the Hôtel de France when he heard Julia's voice behind him, and the tone of it gave the first chill to his repentance and desire for confession.

" You could ; and what I want to know is, where have you been ? "

" Where have I been ? " said the unfortunate.

" Yes, where have you been ? You never thought, apparently, of what I might be suffering whilst you were enjoying yourself."

" Enjoying myself ! " Jack laughed a laugh as mirthless as the " ha ! ha ! " which printers use at the instigation of novelists as a means for indicating laughter.

" Oh, you need n't laugh—you don't hide anything by pretense like that. You have been with those people, you have been with that woman ! "

" What woman ? " asked Jack, astonished almost into interest, and forgetting for half a moment his money troubles.

" That actress woman ! Oh, don't pretend ! "

" I 'm not pretending."

" Well, answer me a plain question : have you been to the Côte d'Azur ? "

" Yes, I have."

" That 's enough. You cannot divorce yourself from those creatures : like flies to like. Well, you may keep them, for all I care, live with them——"

" For goodness' sake, don't go on like this ! " cried Jack. " I 've done no harm. I was only sitting up playing cards."

" And never thinking if I were sitting up waiting for you or not ! "

" I was so bothered in my mind that I thought of nothing."

" Bothered ? And what bothered you ? "

" Oh, one thing or another."

They had reached the hotel and were passing in when the landlord's wife, who was assisting at the tidying of the *salle à manger*, advanced to Julia with effusion.

" Oh, I am so glad to see Madame ! I feared some accident when Madame and Monsieur did not return last night and sent no message, so I sat up till one o'clock, and even then, when I went to bed, I told Jules, who sleeps on the ground floor, to sleep with one ear open, in case you knocked. But all is well since you have come back safe and sound."

"Thank you, thank you," said Julia. She could not trust her voice further, and walked straight in, across the *salle à manger*, upstairs to her room.

Jack followed her.

He came into the room behind her and glanced at the bed, which had not been slept in.

"Julia," said he, "where were you last night?"

Now, Julia in her ordinary senses, and untrammelled by the words she had lately spoken, would have answered him the truth, told the story of her happenings, and laughed at it. But she was in no laughing mood. Anger blazed out in her, anger not against Fate but against Jack, the man who had made her an impossible woman amongst her own set.

She turned on him with her face flaming.

"Go and find out."

He stepped back as if she had struck him.

"Julia!"

"Well, what are you staring at? You dare to ask me where I have been, and you—you—you—where were you last night? Disgracing yourself, disgracing me with that dirty Bachellry crowd and your painted French actresses! Oh, if you had seen yourself the other day, if you had seen yourself and how you looked before the eyes of gentlefolk! Look at yourself now! Just go and look at yourself—like a night waiter who has been up all night. You have dragged me into the gutter—and I hate you!"

"You have not answered my question," replied he, pale to the lips.
"All that has nothing to do with my question."

"Your question? Leave my room! Leave my room! I wish to have nothing more to say to you. Leave my room, and leave me some money."

He took the pocketbook containing the bank-notes from his pocket and flung it on the floor, then he left the room, went to his own room at the end of the little passage, and began to change his clothes.

Everything was over and done with. Julia's manner told him all. No innocent woman would have replied to his question like that.

Heavens! what a thing to come up against in life! And he had been in despair all the time about the money, killing himself because of his fancied infidelity to Julia in this matter, whilst she——!

Then, as he sat half-dressed on the side of his bed, the thought came to him: whom was she with? The answer came as swiftly from the depths of his being: No one.

He knew her far too well, knew her instinctively, subconsciously, and with the only knowledge which is certain. Wherever she had been, she had not wronged him. And yet against this absolute knowledge his mind warred, struggling to believe her guilty.

He did not want to see her again, he told himself; he did not want to speak to her again; and as for their living together again, that was impossible.

The comic part of the situation lay in the fact that he had no money. With the exception of a few louis, he was penniless. Julia had all the bank-notes remaining, and if he had to apply to her for money, he would have to account for the remaining bank-notes. That was impossible under the present conditions; impossible to go to the woman who had spoken to him like that and say, "I have gambled away half your money. Lend me five hundred francs to go back to Paris." It would be impossible to go to the management and ask for the *viaticque*, for he had been winning when he left off play.

He would *have* to see her, and not only see her, but tell her all.

These thoughts occurred to his troubled mind as he finished dressing. The position might have been evolved from the brain of some fertile dramatist, but its ingenuity did not appeal to the unfortunate Jack. He came downstairs and took his seat at the little table where *déjeuner* had been laid for him and Julia. He knew she would not appear, and he sat down to the meal mechanically, prompted by a dim craving for something which when it was placed before him he knew to be coffee.

He ate two rolls and finished all the butter on the little dish, and as he ate the problem before him took shapes from all the forms of the things about him.

Here was an idea at last. He felt certain Carslake would lend him the money. Then he began to doubt. Would he? Carslake was a very nice fellow, and seemed well off; all the same, they were really very little acquainted.

He came to the determination to apply to Carslake for a loan, giving no reason at all, simply saying, "I have had a quarrel with my wife, and I wish to return to Paris."

The landlord's wife had entered with some glasses on a tray. He asked her, was Monsieur Carslake down yet?

"Monsieur Carslake?" replied the woman. "Why, Monsieur he was like you: he did not return last night."

"He did not return?"

"No, Monsieur; he did not even dine here, as is his habit; nor did he come in last night. He has not yet returned."

"Oh," said Jack slowly, "he has not yet returned! Thank you."

The woman went to the buffet and began arranging the glasses upon it, whilst Jack, casting his napkin on the table, rose. He wanted to go out, but he had left his hat in his room, so had to go up for it.

Outside, he walked away in the direction of Eze.

It was a glorious morning, but he saw nothing of the sky or the sea or the mountains; he remembered nothing of his money worries;

everything was obliterated by the horrible fact that the woman had flung in his face.

Carslake! Of course, it was quite clear. She and Carslake had been friends from the first; they had danced several times together at the ball in Paris. He had talked to her about her book. He had talked to her about its morals. Leaving all that aside, he was the only man she knew here, and they had both acted in the same way last night. The thing was mathematically demonstrable; he would have been a fool not to believe the evidence; and still in his heart of hearts, beneath all the anger and horror and furious confusion of his mind, there was a dissentient, a blind, unreasoning objector who still said, "Impossible! Impossible! Julia could not do it. I don't know anything about anything that *you* know. I only know what I feel to be the truth."

It was not till he had gone half way to Eze, and narrowly escaped destruction by a motor-brake filled with American tourists from Nice, that he could call order amongst his thoughts.

What should he do about Carslake? He had no positive proof at all against the man. If he were to go up to Carslake and say, "What were you doing last night, that you did not return to the hotel?" Carslake, if he did not tell him to mind his own business, would undoubtedly ask him, "Why do you ask me?" He could not reply to that question. He was absolutely stalemated in this business, unless he could obtain proof.

He passed the hotel without even looking up at the windows, walked on, and took the downward road that leads to Monte Carlo.

Here at a café he found two friends of man in distress: a cigarette and a whisky-and-soda.

Under their influence he took a calmer view of things, and, sitting at a little table sheltered by the awning of the café, began to take notice of the people passing by.

He had not been sitting long like this when a girl and a man came and sat down at the adjoining table. The girl was the same girl who had stopped Carslake in the street. The man was well dressed, well groomed, black-bearded, and had that indefinable stamp which the Republic has affixed to the French official classes.

Two glasses of vermouth were served to them, and they plunged immediately into a conversation at once animated and serious.

"Carslak!"

The word sprang out of their unintelligible talk like a spark struck by the jarring together of the two hard voices.

They were talking of Carslake; there could be no manner of doubt about that.

Jack strained his ears to catch what they were saying, but without avail.

Now the woman was taking something from the breast of her dress.

It was a bundle of letters. She selected several and gave them to the man to read. He read them carefully and handed them back. Then the conversation went on for a while longer, and at last the bearded man rose, bowed, and went off.

The woman sat for a little longer, glancing at the people who were passing, then she rose also.

Jack followed her as she left the place, followed her as she passed down the street, and at the corner, where she paused as if undecided which way to go, came up to her and raised his hat.

"Excuse me, Mademoiselle, but I think you are acquainted with a gentleman whom I know—Monsieur Carslak."

She started and glanced him all over.

"Monsieur Carslak. Excuse me, Monsieur, but I do not know your name, I have not ever seen you before. How, if it is not impertinent to ask, do you know that I am acquainted with Monsieur Carslak?"

"Why, Mademoiselle, I saw you speaking to him the other day in the streets. I saw that your discussion was not of the friendliest nature, and he told me about you."

"*Ma foi*, he told you about me!" cried she, reddening.

"Please don't misunderstand me. I told you he was an acquaintance of mine—I did not say a friend. I wish I had never met him, but, having met him, I am most anxious to know who he is and more about him. You see, I am quite frank with you. I will tell you at once my position: I believe this man to have done me a great injury—I cannot yet make sure—but I would give a great deal to know where he was last night, and what he was doing. Can you tell me?"

"I? I don't know where he was. I don't know anything of his doings; but Monsieur perhaps can tell me where he is staying?"

As she spoke, Jack watched her and wished that he had not enlisted this questionable person on his side. Those eyes, beady and restless as the eyes of a bird; that mouth, sensuous yet characterless; that face, good-looking yet devoid of softness, sense, or any trace of kindness—all these spoke of the negative and the evil of littleness.

He drew back from the position he had taken up.

"I am sorry I cannot give you that information," said he.

She understood him to mean that he did not know. She shrugged her shoulders.

"It does not matter; they will easily find him. Well, Monsieur, you may rest easy—" She paused, as if she had suddenly remembered something; then she laughed, and, nodding adieu to Jack, passed on.

What did she mean? From the woman herself, her tone, her manner, her words, and the fact that he had seen her quarrelling with Carslak and talking about him to that official-looking individual a moment ago, he guessed that Carslak was the object of some attack.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WELL, that's done with!" said Julia.

Her speech was still ringing in her ears, and the words "I hate you!" repeated themselves echo-fashion in her mind. It seemed to her that some one else had made that speech, some one else had said those words—with her consent.

The irritation that had been growing in her mind not only from the commencement of the Monte Carlo journey, but long before that; the irritation caused by the fusty nastiness of the Pension Nix, the petty money-worries, the sense of home antagonism and thwarted ambition, the irritation of the journey to Monte Carlo with the theatrical people, the Freke disaster, the irritation caused by Jack's personality and his want of social ambition, and lastly the anger caused by the affair of last night and the manner in which she had been trapped by circumstance, and not only trapped but shown up in the trap—all these had found expression in her speech, and the expression had given her relief.

She was not in the least sorry for it, as is the fashion with people to whom relief after an explosion of temper brings better counsel. Her score against Jack was much too long and lasting to be wiped off by an explosion like that.

She began to pack her clothes. In the midst of this, she stopped, picked up the pocketbook lying on the floor, and examined its contents. She counted the notes and laughed. He had kept more than half their money. She was glad of the fact. There was money here in plenty to keep her till she got more. There would be more coming in from royalties on her book, she would write short-stories, and she could easily get an advance on royalties for her next novel.

She placed the pocketbook on the table and went on with her packing. She had determined on going to Bordighera. It was only a little distance further on across the Italian frontier. She had always felt an affection for Bordighera, born partly of its beautiful name, and partly from those few lines of wonderful description at the end of "*Le Nabab*." It was a small place, and would doubtless be cheap.

As she was finishing her packing, she heard Jack's step outside. He had come up for his hat. She heard him go into his bedroom and then come out again and go downstairs.

She went out upon the balcony, and presently she saw him coming out of the hotel and walking away down the street in the direction of Eze.

Then she came back to her room, and, opening her writing-case, which she had not packed, wrote him a note:

I am going away. My life of late has been unbearable. You have chosen the society of those people instead of mine, and the whole of this position is of your making. Our marriage was a mistake

from the very first. Your friends have never been my friends, and I have always been miserable, though for your sake I have fought against my misery. In the train coming here I asked you to take me to England to some place where the people were clean and respectable. I did not ask much. Instead, you have chosen to mix yourself and to mix me with people worse even than your artist friends in Paris, and you have completed your work this morning by your conduct and the tone in which you spoke to me. I will write to you after a while to the Paris address. You have enough money to go on with for some months, and if any request of mine is of avail, I would ask you to go back to Paris and divorce yourself from the people you have met here and the life you are living.

JULIA.

She put this letter into an envelope, addressed it, and placed it on the writing-table.

Then she came downstairs and had breakfast. She told the landlady, who waited upon her, that she was going away for a few days to Mentone.

"And Monsieur?" asked the woman.

"Monsieur will remain until my return. Have you a time-table of the trains?"

The landlady fetched it.

Julia was examining it when a shadow darkened the bright sunshine of the doorway, and Carslake entered.

Julia looked up.

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning," said Carslake; then he turned to the landlady, who had also greeted him: "No, thanks, I have breakfasted. I stayed the night with some friends at Monte Carlo. Are there any letters for me?"

"Why, yes, Monsieur, there is a letter, but it has been taken up to your room. I will fetch it."

"Well," said Carslake, when the woman had gone out, "I hope it's all right?"

Julia rose from her chair. "Can you come out with me for a moment," said he. "I cannot talk to you here. I will run up and fetch my hat. I have something to say to you."

She went upstairs, and Carslake took his seat at the table. The landlady brought him the letter, which bore the Italian post-mark. He opened it, glanced at its contents, and then put it into his pocket, as Julia entered.

In the street they turned to the left, in the direction that leads to the uphill road towards the golf-links. Julia did not speak till the houses were left behind them, then she said: "I met my husband after I left you. He had been down in Monte Carlo all night, and he was

walking towards the hotel when I overtook him, so we both entered together."

"Good!" said Carslake. "That looked all right to the hotel people. If there's anything I have a horror of, it's these hotel folk."

"Wait," said Julia. "My husband had been out all night. That does not matter much, but he had been with those people—you know the ones I mean—and *he* knows how I hate them. That made me angry, very angry, but what happened then was worse. The landlady was in the *salle à manger* when we went in, and the first thing she did was to congratulate me on my return, saying they had been frightened when I did not come back last night, and had sat up waiting for me."

"Had you told your husband of what happened?" asked Carslake quickly.

"No; he thought I had been sitting up waiting for him."

Carslake whistled. "By Jove!" said he. "What an unfortunate business! Such a tangle out of nothing!"

"I went upstairs," continued Julia, "and he came after me. Then we had a scene. I told him what had been in my mind a long time. I parted from him."

"Yes?"

"That's all."

"You parted from him? How do you mean, precisely?"

"I am not going to meet him again—as a wife."

They had unconsciously taken the upward road that leads to the links. This morning the view of the sea was more beautiful than the view of yesterday, for now the Mediterranean was sparkling in its morning splendor.

"You do not mean to meet him again?"

"No."

"This is serious," said Carslake.

"Yes, I suppose it is. We have to meet serious things in life and face them."

"That is true, but there are different ways of facing things."

"How do you mean?"

He took his seat on the low wall, and she leaned against the wall beside him.

"I mean that we may face them and then act in two ways, wrongly or rightly."

"Do you think I have acted wrongly?"

"Is it for me to judge? Who am I to set up as an adjudicator? Yet I can give you my impressions, and they may be worth something, for I take a bird's-eye view of the situation, whereas you, of necessity, are close to the immediate position. The thing that strikes me——"

"Yes?"

"The thing that strikes me is this: when I met you first in Paris, at that ball, you cared very much for your husband."

"How did you know?"

"I am trained to use my eyes and my senses—they are my stock in trade. The way you looked at him, the way you spoke to him and spoke of him—everything told me."

"And why did you make such an especial study of us?"

"Because," said Carslake, "I believe I fell in love with you that night, just as I believe I am in love with you still."

Julia gasped.

This extraordinary man spoke just as he would have spoken of the scenery, or the dust of the road, or of the affairs of some other person.

"You lost that twopenny halfpenny fan," said he. "Well, I have it. I stole it and put it into my overcoat pocket. Now you understand why I made such an especial study of you both. I met you again the other night in the Casino; you still cared for your husband then. Now, don't interrupt me. I meet you this morning, and you have parted with your husband forever. What is the cause of this tremendous change in you? Even if your husband had been unfaithful to you—and I am sure he has not, for I know the man—it would not be sufficient to account for it. I don't think there is any change in you. I think you have become obsessed with the *folie de mariage*, if I may coin the expression, which attacks many married people; the rage which comes from the friction set up by trifles between two people who are bound together in close intimacy. If I did not care for you very sincerely, I should not have said all I have just said. I love you very much, and I would pluck you from danger."

"Ah!" said Julia. "You should not have told me that."

"What?"

"That you cared for me."

"I have told you it because I am sure of myself and I am sure of you. I am sure of myself because I have left impulse far behind me in my youth, and I see life with the clear sight given by bitter experience. I am sure of you because I know that you still love your husband."

"That I do not," said Julia.

"I know you better than you know yourself. You do not know yourself now at all. You are in reality two people—we all are, but in most of us the fission is not so clear. You left the people you loved in that place you told me of—Closeminster—for the man you loved. That was perfectly right, yet you have often regretted your act. If you were to leave the man you love—despite what you say—for some other man, your regret would be infinitely greater in time."

Julia gave a little sob. "You have spoken to me as no one has ever spoken to me before. You have no right."

"Stop!" said Carslake. "I have the right of the strong to protect the weak. Just as I would protect your life if you were in danger, so I am trying to protect your future. God! when I think of my own restraint I am astonished, for I could make you fancy that you loved me just as I love you, and ruin your peace forever, as easily as I could take you and throw you over that cliff and dash you to pieces."

"Do it!" cried Julia bitterly. "I wish I were dead."

"You have many years to live, and many happy years. You can see nothing now—you are blind. I have told you how much I cared for you because that fact gives me the right to protect you from yourself."

Julia rested her head against the sleeve of his coat. She was sniffling, crying quietly and abjectly in the shelter of his protection.

He did not stop her or offer the least consolation, judging it best to leave nature alone. In this crisis of the life of the woman he loved, he knew quite well that at a touch from him she would have come to him; and he knew quite well that what he had said to her would hold her aloof from herself and the danger of other men.

After a while she dried her eyes and drew away slightly from her companion.

"Well, it does n't matter," said she. "Whatever happens, I am going away. I can live no longer like this. It must come to an end. I am going now at once, and shall never see you again."

"Never is a long day," said he. "I feel we shall meet again some time in the future."

"Never. I don't want to meet you again, after what you said—it's better not. Oh, dear, I wish I were dead!"

This was the dangerous moment. Carslake felt that if he were to relax the thousandth part of an inch, the next moment he would be holding her in his arms, and that would be fatal, for she would be holding him in hers.

"Come," said he, "be brave. Look at me standing here talking to you and every moment my liberty is at stake."

"Your liberty?"

"Just so. I am in imminent danger of the police. Don't be alarmed—I have committed no crime; all the same, five or ten years' imprisonment is hanging over me by a hair. I was warned in a letter this morning. Sounds like a thing one would read in a romance, does n't it?"

"But what have you done?" cried Julia, forgetting herself for a moment at this astonishing statement.

"Many things," replied he, laughing. "Some of the many things that men do every day in the secret service."

"You are in the secret service?"

"Of the Triple Entente. I serve two emperors and a king. Now

you have my secret. And you may guess what would happen to me if I were examined just now, for in my pocket I have a bundle of papers with maps and photographs of Toulon that are simply treasures of art, not to say details about those forts up above there quite invaluable in their way."

"Destroy them," cried Julia, "or hide them!"

Carslake laughed.

"That would be rather a weak sort of thing to do, would n't it? Oh, no; I will carry them safe to their destination."

"But what imprudence to stand here talking to me when you ought to be escaping!"

"Not a bit. I am safer here than anywhere, for I have full command of the road, so that I could see any one coming for two miles away, and I have all that country up there to escape in. I know it every inch, and I have, what is more, a friend in that country, and a change of clothes. You understand, in this business money is no object, and one moves like a chess-pawn, guarded by all sorts of other pawns, to say nothing of great pieces. What bothers me is that I ought to return to Monte Carlo to warn one of our people of danger, and most likely I will."

"Return!"

"Oh, I will go disguised. Well, that is enough about me. You—where do you intend to go?"

"I am going to Bordighera."

"You are determined?"

"Quite. I am going to make my own life in future."

Carslake smiled. All the time, ever since they had passed the wall, those hawk eyes of his had been sweeping at intervals the country below. There was still nothing to cause alarm.

"Well," he said, "if you are determined, do as you say. You will have time to think things over at Bordighera. Where do you intend to stay there?"

"I don't know."

"Go to the Hôtel Bella Vista. It is quite reasonable, and you will find English people there, if that is any attraction."

"Will you—will you let me know if you are all right?" said Julia; then with a little laugh, "Unless you think friends a superfluity and a bother."

"I will let you know," said Carslake, too wary to be drawn into a discussion on the question of the superfluity of friends. "You shall know directly I am on safe territory. Good-by."

He raised her hand as if he were about to kiss it, then he dropped it, turned, and walked off, taking the uphill road.

Julia watched him, waiting for him to look back. He did not look back once. Carslake never looked back, once he had started to a goal.

She put her hand to her heart, as though she felt a pain there. She was placing it on the spot from whence half her trouble and anger against Jack originated. Carslake had bound himself up with her life much more than she had imagined. The man exercised upon her the strangest fascination. He could have done anything he chose with her, and she knew it, yet she was not conscious of being in love with him. In his presence life was fuller and brighter, and all things of more interest. His mind had the magical property of lending her mind some of its power and life. His declaration that he loved her had given her neither pleasure nor pain. There was a strange voiceless intimacy between them which made all spoken words of this sort only like the letter which follows the telegram to confirm it.

All that Carslake had said to her in favor of her husband had only succeeded in hardening her heart still more. Jack seemed now part of Carslake's going, as well as part of all the other troubles. To get away from the chance of seeing or meeting this husband whom she told herself she hated was now the dominant ambition of the moment. Carslake, by just mentioning the Hôtel Bella Vista at Bordighera, had made it a desirable place. It had become part of him at once—and he would write to her there.

She turned downhill and walked to the hotel, keeping a lookout for her husband, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had not returned to the hotel, and when she went upstairs she found her things just as she had left them, her dressing-bag and the small portmanteau standing only waiting to be closed and strapped, and the letter to Jack still lying on the dressing-table.

The sight of these things gave her her first qualm, and she found herself asking of herself for the first time the question: "Are you really going away? Are you really going to leave your husband, break from him, and leave him here behind you?"

Had Jack appeared before her at that moment in a repentant mood, she would no doubt have attacked him with wild words and a tempest of tears, and all might have been well. But he had not returned. He evidently believed the worst of her. Not content with having "dragged her into the mud," he had now offered her the last insult a man can offer a woman.

Never again would she put it in his power to do this.

She rang the bell, ordered a conveyance to take her to the station, and, having sent for the landlady, informed her that she was starting.

She had taken the letter from the dressing-table—to leave it there would be an indication to the hotel people that a rupture had taken place between them. She would post it on the way to the station, and he would receive it in the evening.

When the trap which she had ordered was at the door her luggage

was put in and she departed. Jack would pay the bill—he had plenty of money, and to have paid it herself would seem strange, after her declaration that she would be absent only a few days.

She stopped at the post-office and posted her letter, and then drove on to the railway station.

She found that a train would start for Ventimiglia in half an hour, and she took her seat on one of the station benches to wait for it.

Once on board Julia indulged in brooding thoughts. At Ventimiglia all luggage has to be examined by the customs, and for one frantic moment she fancied she had forgotten the keys. Then she found them, and, having passed through the ordeal by rummage, entered the train for Bordighera.

Bordighera is the next station from Ventimiglia on the Italian side; a delightful little station right by the seashore, with, on the one hand, the blue waves breaking on the gray pebbles of the beach, and on the other the town, the red-tiled roofs, the palm-trees, all sweeping up to the eminence where the Hôtel Angst and the Cap Hôtel stand white amidst their gardens of orange and tree-fern and date-palm. The atmosphere of Bordighera is clean and summery and lazy. It is not on the same earth as Monte Carlo, though from the beach you can see the white houses of the City of Pleasure, La Turbie and the Tower of Augustus, Monaco and its palace, not to speak of a hundred miles of bay-broken coast stretching to the vague vision of the Esterelles.

Julia, having captured her luggage, started in a little carriage for the hotel. The place appealed to her from the very first; she felt as if she had shut the door on a roomful of disreputable and clamoring people and stepped into a garden.

Leaving the main street, the carriage took an uphill round and stopped at last before the Hôtel Bella Vista. The Bella Vista, though smaller than the Cap Hôtel, and having no luxurious garden like the Angst, has still a commanding view of the sea, and an almost unrivalled view of the coast.

Julia entered, secured a room facing the sea, and then walked out to inspect the place at close quarters. Ever since leaving Monte Carlo, an unaccustomed, half-pleasurable, half-painful feeling had accompanied her, mixing itself with everything and making even common things seem strange. It was the feeling of being alone for the first time in her life.

She had never been alone before, never before had she to think only for herself. At the Close she had been only a unit in a household that existed and progressed independently of her, and since then Jack had been her inseparable companion.

The pleasurable part of this new feeling was beginning to fade ever so slightly. It would have faded quicker perhaps only for the excite-

ment of the journey. What struck her now forcibly as she went down-hill towards the town was the fact that the whole day belonged to her alone, and the whole place to do as she liked in.

She walked along the main street of the town, looking into the shop-windows and trying to take an interest in the things exposed for sale; and presently by a side street she reached the sea-front and sat down to look at the waves breaking on the beach.

She wondered what Jack was doing, and what he would say and think when he found her gone. She did not regret her action in the least. That suspicion of his, those words, and the manner in which they had been spoken, were poisonous to regret. They were now the real head and front of his offending, though, goodness knows, there were body and tail enough behind them. All the same, as she sat in her loneliness, she could not but wish that things had been different.

"Anyhow," said she, all of a sudden, and as if voicing the last words of some subliminal discussion, "he has money enough to go back to Paris, and those theatrical people will look after him."

She and Jack had done with each other; why on earth should she bother about him? Habit, no doubt.

She turned her mind towards Carslake. Was it really this morning that she and Carslake had talked together? It seemed months ago; a great division of time seemed to separate her from him. More, he seemed to have an unreality as if he were a person she had met in a dream, or read about in a book, or seen acting upon the boards in some play whose plot she had half forgotten. Had she been still in La Turbie, Carslake would have been vividly alive to her, for the whole place was saturated with his personality. Here, where nothing spoke of him, he failed to be real. She recalled his words—the words in which he had told her of his affection for her. She remembered the extraordinary sensation they had given rise to in her mind. She felt more of that now; they seemed like the words of a phantom. La Turbie, Monte Carlo, the golf-course, all that seemed phantom-land, and the tremendous fact was slowly borne in on her that the only real thing in all that phantasmagoria was Jack.

He was alive and kicking still, hate him as she might. She found herself thinking of his undarned socks. Those socks jumped up in her mind and were very much more vivid than Carslake's personality to her now. The very fact that they were able to exasperate her showed their power.

It seemed to her for a moment as if Jack and his belongings had become in some unaccountable way part of herself—like an aching tooth that she had fancied she had pulled out in a dream, but which still remained to trouble her.

Julia looked at her watch.

It was nearly five o'clock, and she returned to the hotel for afternoon tea.

After tea, on the way to the post-office, Julia, stopping at a bookshop to get something to read, saw a cheap edition of Loti's "Romance of a Spahi." She remembered that Fatou Gaye had been named after the heroine, and she bought the book.

She dined that night at the *table d'hôte*, going almost immediately after dinner to her room. Having retired to bed, she took up "The Romance of a Spahi" and began to read it.

The picture of the handsome Spahi on the cover reminded her somewhat of Jack, and she had not been reading long before she came on the heroine, Fatou Gaye.

Fatou Gaye was a negress, as readers of the book will remember, and the terrible hold of this woman on the Spahi in the dismal, heat-laden Senegal country so ably depicted by Loti seized on the mind of Julia, making her read on and on, skipping, but always holding to the thread of the story, till the last mournful scene was reached.

She flung the book on the floor and lay gazing at the electric light till it dazzled her and made her fling her hand backwards across her eyes. She tried to think of Mrs. Freke, of the various other people with whom she had come in contact since leaving Paris; but they all evaded her, slipping this way and that way from before her eyes, and giving place to the picture of Jack. She did not want to think of him, she told herself; he was obnoxious to her; and yet his picture came before her, and his voice recalled itself; and try as she might to drive picture and voice away, they were still there, waiting for the first opportunity to make their reappearance.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Carslake left Julia, he did not look back. Only when he reached the grassy ground at the beginning of the golf-course did he pause. Then he took off his hat, wiped his brow, and laughed.

There was very little mirth in that laugh directed mainly against himself. He could not have told you in the least the reason of Julia's hold upon him, or why, at their very first meeting in Paris, she had attracted him more than any other woman he had met in the last twenty years. The fact remained that in the last few days she had passed from being a woman who simply attracted him and had become much more.

And he could have had her for the asking ten minutes ago.

Who was Jack Revell that he, Carslake, should bother his head about him?

Carslake asked himself this question as though his attitude towards

Julia had been taken for the sake of the man, not for his love for the woman. He scarcely admitted this love to himself, nor did he fully know its extent, its nobility, and its power for good.

Carslake was no common man. Born of an English father and an Austrian mother, he had started life as a business man, failed, owing to the stupidity of a partner, restarted for himself, succeeded, and, sick of business success, closed out with some thirty thousand pounds to the good. He invested this sum and lived on the income—for a few months. He could not be idle; sport could not fill his life as it does the lives of some men, literature was too steady and sedentary an occupation for his roving spirit, and, attracted by a suggestion of his cousin who was occupying a post in the Vienna foreign office, Carslake, after an interview with the Bull Platz, passed into the secret service of Austria.

Though he had been born in England, spoke English like a native, and liked the people well enough, he was more Austrian than English. The Mother predominated in him, as it does in most clever men. Despite his virility of appearance, he had a distinctly feminine streak in his nature, that saving streak without which a man is little more than the original Baboon.

In his compact with the Austrian government, however, there was a saving clause placing England out of the sphere of his activities, so that he worked free of conscience, as now.

A rapid thinker, as he needed to be in a life that was one perpetual escape from danger, he had made his plans almost on reading the warning letter. It was essential that he should place the frontier between himself and the French authorities with the least possible delay. The railway was barred to him, the road was barred to him; there was only one way: the hills and the mountain-tracks. He knew these well. He knew also the difficulties of the way; none knew better than he the perpetually open eyes that guard a frontier.

Half an hour later he was in the midst of scenery so wild and so remote from the idea of civilization that a wanderer finding himself there never could have imagined Monte Carlo lying just beyond those hills, or the sea beyond Monte Carlo.

Carslake breathed in the pure, clear mountain air with a sensation of relief. He had put everything now from his mind but the immediate objects in view, and the first of these lay before him in the form of a small hut perched on the hillside a quarter of a mile away and a little to the south of his path. As he drew near, the place showed itself up more clearly—a mere hovel, with tiny, unglazed windows, and a door so low that an ordinary-sized man would have to bend before he entered.

A few yards away from this place Carslake paused and glanced around him, as if looking for something or some one. He soon found what he sought—the figure of a man away on the hillside to the right. The man

was tending a flock of goats. Carslake could see the goats browsing and straying hither and thither, whilst the man, leaning on his staff, stood absolutely motionless, as if sleep had stricken him or that mesmerism of the hills which falls on one like an enchantment, calling the spirit away to wander in unknown fields.

Presently he moved, turned, saw Carslake, and flung up an arm. Then he came, running.

He was a typical goat-herd, young, scarcely out of his teens, good-looking, and most evidently Italian.

All this land from Ventimiglia to Nice once belonged to Italy. It was ceded to France on the condition that it was to be returned to Italy after the lapse of thirty years. That treaty was signed much more than thirty years ago, and France, after the faithless manner of nations dealing with nations, has never redeemed her promise.

The common people of Italian birth feel that the land they are walking on is theirs by right and taken from Italy by wrong. This goat-herd, who was in the pay of Carslake, was doubly tied to his service, and if need had arisen, would have laid down his life to aid the man who was serving Italy and spying upon France.

"Umberto," said Carslake, "I have been betrayed—a woman has spoiled my plans—and I must get over the frontier as quickly as may be. But I have need of you."

"I am at your Excellency's service," replied the man. "You have but to speak and I obey."

"Yes, I know your fidelity, and I have proved it, and it shall be reported to headquarters. Now I have need of you for two matters. First, you must go at once, leaving your goats to look after themselves, and take your own way down to Monte Carlo. You will find the Rue de Courcelles, which opens off the road leading to La Condamine, and at No. 10 you will ask for Monsieur Beaupré. Should the servant say that he is out, you must wait for his return."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"You must see him privately."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"He will ask you what you want, and you must say you come from me, and that I have sent him a message."

"And the message?"

"Is one word, 'Leipsig.' He will understand what it means."

"I will do so."

"Now to the other matter, which is very simple. I am going to write a letter which you must post at the general post-office. You must post it on your way to Monsieur Beaupré's. I am about to write it now."

Carslake took his seat on a stone block by the door of the hut, pro-

duced a pocketbook and stylograph pen, and, taking a letter-card from the pocketbook, wrote:

Your wife is staying at the Hôtel Bella Vista, Bordighera.

He gummed the card, stamped it, and then wrote the address:

M. J. Revell,
Hôtel de France,
La Turbie.

He sat with the letter in his hand for a moment. He seemed weighing it and its contents. There was no necessity at all for him to let Revell know where his wife was staying. As a matter of fact, he was not bothering his mind about the man. He was thinking of Julia. He knew quite well that Julia would not be the first to make overtures of peace, and he knew Jack Revell sufficiently to guess that, knowing his wife's address, he would not rest till he had seen her or written to her.

If the result failed to reconcile them, then it was not Carslake's fault. He would do his best for the woman he loved, and leave the upshot to fate. Should they drift definitely asunder, then—ah, then things would be different! He caught himself almost hoping that the drift asunder would take place. It was the first failing of his higher nature before his lower, this faint hope that he tried to dispel, and, failing, he turned his thoughts away in another direction.

He sprang to his feet, gave Umberto the letter, and then held out his hand.

The goat-herd, surprised and half abashed for a second, hesitated. Then the hands gripped, and Carslake, wheeling, strode off, making eastward, whilst the man, placing the letter in the pocket of his coat, turned in the direction of La Turbie.

But far as Carslake's thoughts might travel, they always returned to one point: the letter which he had dispatched to Revell. Some trouble that had been steadily growing in his mind had suddenly seized this letter as a centre to grow from.

Then, all at once as he walked, the trouble took voice—a harsh, disagreeable voice, saying to him: "You fool, what did you want playing another man's game like that? Why did n't you let them fight it out for themselves? You were thinking of *her* good! How do you know it is good for her to be tied to that shiftless Bohemian? Anyhow, you did more than enough this morning, when you grandmothered her instead of taking her in your arms and kissing her, as any other man in your position would have done—and as she expected. What do you say? She did n't? Why, she was resting her head against your coat-sleeve—and you gave her good advice! No woman can ever forgive a man for a thing like that."

A voice like this is a fine companion to make you forget distance and tiredness, and it carried Carslake long miles across hills and rocks and valleys, till at four in the afternoon he paused to rest somewhere in the country behind Mentone.

He knew the valley where he was, and that less than an hour's walk would bring him to the town by the sea. He determined on a bold move: no less than to enter Mentone and finish his journey by train. There was little chance that the authorities at La Turbie would think of having Mentone station watched. They would scarcely dream of his making the journey across the hills, and they would give all their attention to the road and the railway where both were accessible from La Turbie. It was risky, but less so than attempting to cross the frontier on foot, and time was valuable. He rose and made for the town, which he entered some forty minutes later.

He passed through it, headed for a railway station, where he found that the next train for Ventimiglia was not due for an hour.

There was no one on the platform, and he took his seat, lit a pipe, and began to smoke.

He had eaten nothing since breakfast, and he had walked many miles, yet he did not feel hungry nor tired. He sat trying to figure out in his mind the probable moves of his enemies. They would certainly search his room at the hotel at La Turbie, and as certainly be rewarded by finding nothing. Then the thought occurred to him that Jack Revell would hear of his flight, and believe that he had run off with Julia.

He laughed to himself at the thought. He was tapping the ashes from his pipe and preparing to fill it again when his attention was attracted by a man who had come upon the platform.

This person, stout, black-bearded, and dressed in a frock-coat and tall hat, had the appearance of a prosperous *chef*. He was smoking a cigar, and he stood on the edge of the platform, looking down at the metals for a moment and seemingly engaged in thought.

Now, the moment this person had made his appearance, he had swept the platform with his eyes, as if in search of some one. Carslake did not like his appearance in the least, yet he went on filling his pipe quite calmly and lit it, whilst the stranger came and took his seat on the bench.

"Does Monsieur know what time the next train for Ventimiglia starts?" asked he.

"In about forty minutes," replied Carslake, looking at his watch.

"Ah, I thought there was a train sooner than that. Well, it can't be helped. I am going to San Remo. Does Monsieur know San Remo?"

"Slightly," replied Carslake, liking the other less and less with every word he spoke, and with suspicion strengthening in his mind.

"It is less dull than Mentone," went on the stranger, "and the casino is better conducted than any on the coast, with the exception of that at Monte Carlo. Does Monsieur play?"

"Yes, I play a little."

"At Monte Carlo?"

"Yes."

"You come from Monte Carlo?"

"No, I live in Mentone."

"Ah, indeed! I have never met Monsieur here."

"That is very likely. I expect there are a good many people here whom you have never met. Mentone is a big place, Monsieur."

"Oh, as for that," replied the other, "Mentone is a very small place for me. Monsieur, I am chief of the police, and so I know every one."

"Ah, indeed!" said Carslake, feeling as a rat might feel alone in a room with a great, fat black cat.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other; "and it would surprise you how much life we see here, despite the fact that Mentone is supposed to be the home of consumptives. The Riviera attracts many people, Monsieur, besides consumptives."

"So I should imagine. You have gamblers enough."

"Oh, yes, and people of all sorts, so that one is constantly employed. At what hotel is Monsieur staying?"

"Ah," said Carslake, laughing, "you may be sure of one thing, Monsieur: at whatever hotel I am staying, I have paid my bill."

"Without doubt," replied the representative of the law, also laughing. "Still, one has one's duty to perform, and the duty of the chief of police is to be forever poking his nose into other people's affairs."

Carslake rose to his feet, as did the other.

"Monsieur," said he, "for whom do you take me?"

"For a gentleman very much wanted on the Riviera," replied the Chief, raising his voice.

It was evidently a signal, for scarcely had the words left his mouth when three men in uniform appeared on the platform.

The Chief stretched out his hand, but before he could place it on the arm of his quarry, Carslake, turning, jumped from the platform upon the metals, sprang to the opposite platform, and, followed by the whole police pack, just as a fox is followed by hounds, made from the station. He came within an ace of being run down by a goods train, which, however, acted as an obstacle to the others, for the driver, losing his head at having so nearly run over a man, pulled up sharp, and the police found themselves separated from the man they were following by a line of cattle-trucks, luggage-vans, and horse-boxes.

Having crossed the metals, Carslake had a vision of a gate where a

man tried to stop him, and then he found himself running down a narrow alley, unpursued.

Half way down this alley, which was evidently a pathway between two gardens, Carslake stopped, glanced behind him, saw that he had outdistanced his pursuers, and, taking his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his brow. Then at a quick walk he finished the distance, and found himself in a quiet and fashionable street, set on either side with shops, and half deserted at this the quietest hour in the day.

As he entered this street, he heard a shout from the alleyway. The hounds were giving tongue.

A big confectioner's shop lay a few yards from him, and without a moment's hesitation he turned to it, opened the door, and entered.

He found himself in a large room, where, seated about at marble-topped tables, a number of people were having afternoon-tea. A counter crammed with confectionery and crystallized fruit lay on the left, and smart waitresses dressed in the English style were serving the guests.

CHAPTER XV.

No one noticed the calm and possessed-looking man who opened the door and strolled to a vacant table, hanging his hat up as he went.

Even as he was in the act of so doing, he heard the pursuit in the street. The hounds naturally imagined the hare was still running. The idea that he had entered the quiet tea-shop never entered their stupid heads. The shrill, incisive, and vigorous French voices, debating for a moment as to the right or left, suddenly died away, and Carslake, turning to the waitress at his elbow, ordered tea and tea-cakes. He could have laughed at the position, had he been in the humor for laughing. It was sufficiently fantastic. He knew that the road to Ventimiglia was now absolutely blocked. Even were he to wait till night, he could never do the journey on foot, and it would be impossible to stay more than an hour at the outside in the place where he was. He would have to go into the street, and what would he do with himself then? As he drank his tea, he sought diligently in his mind for some method of escape.

He ordered more tea and more tea-cakes, urged by hunger and the instinct for delay, and was in the middle of the second lot when an absolutely brilliant idea occurred to him.

Why not go by rail?—go right back to the station and boldly board the train just at the moment of its starting? No one would ever dream that a pursued man would return to the very place seemingly most dangerous to him. They would be searching for him everywhere but at the station. None of the station people had noticed him, for the place had been deserted when he was there. No doubt people had seen him pursued, but he knew quite well the fallibility of human judgment.

They would not be looking for him at the station, and it would seem an absurd and impossible thing that he should calmly walk into it.

He looked at his watch. It pointed to half past five. The train was due to start in ten minutes. He would give himself four minutes to walk to the station.

He finished his tea, paid his bill, and then sat looking at some papers which he took from his pocket. Heavens! how slowly the time went!

At last he rose, lit a cigarette, and left the shop.

He came down the alley, passed along the street leading to the station entrance, walked boldly in with his hat tilted on the back of his head and the cigarette between his lips, and took his ticket for Ventimiglia.

Fortunately for him, there was a crowd. Half a dozen English and American families, with luggage to match, were en route for Genoa. He hung amidst them, not daring to go yet on the platform. He saw a tall and pretty American girl embracing a thin and angular American woman, and heard her say, "Well, I'll see you next year, sure, same old place." He wondered where the "old place" might be, listening passionately all the time for the sound of the now overdue train.

Ah, here it came at last! He moved out to the crowded platform, and there amidst the crowd, profile turned to Carslake, was the chief of the police.

CHAPTER XVI.

THAT morning the unfortunate Jack reached the Musée Océanographique at Monaco with little enough taste for the wonders of the deep sea. He spent half an hour there, then took his departure, and journeyed back to Monte Carlo.

Here he found himself at a loss what to do. Impulse urged him to go back to La Turbie and make things up with Julia, but two things held him back: the remembrance of her speech and the fact that he would have to account to her for the money he had lost.

He finally decided to take the road to La Turbie. It was as good to go there as anywhere else, and he need not see Julia. He would lie down on his bed and have a rest and think things over.

There was no one in front of the hotel when he came up to it, and no one on the balcony. Julia would be in her room, no doubt. He passed through the *salle à manger*, whose only occupant was a dog asleep on a chair, went up the stairs, and paused in the little passage off which the bedroom door opened.

Both doors were closed.

He looked at the door of Julia's room, as if undecided as to whether he should knock or not; then he turned to his own door, opened it, and went into his own room.

He closed his door, making quite a needless amount of noise in the process, glanced round the place, and then, casting his hat on a chair, flung himself on the bed. He was tired, but the bed did not bring him repose. The recumbent position increased the activity of his imagination. It seemed to him that some curse had fallen on them since leaving Paris for Monte Carlo. They had been happy enough in Paris. If you had told him in Paris that he and Julia would ever quarrel seriously, he would have laughed at you. The thing had begun in the train, and the Bachellrys had been the genesis of the whole affair—they and some evil influence which seemed to rise out of the corrupt soul of Monte Carlo. All at once as he lay there he felt a hatred for Monte Carlo and its crowd rise up in his mind, and an equally vivid desire for some place clean and simple. He remembered Julia's longing for a cottage in some quiet English village. He could understand it now and sympathize with it.

He rose from the bed, opened his door impulsively, crossed the passage, and knocked at the door of Julia's room; then he opened the door.

"I say, Julia, for goodness' sake, let's——"

He stopped; the room was empty. Not only was his wife not there, but her luggage was gone.

A cold hand seemed laid upon his heart. Where on earth had she gone to? What on earth had possessed her? Without a word, a warning, or a line, she had taken herself off like this—where?

He sat down on the bed to collect his thoughts.

There was something horrible and sinister in the whole business. Horrible and sinister, for it seemed to him that the being he knew and understood and loved had turned all at once into something evil and hateful and full of hatred to him. He could not imagine in the least the complex and subtle circumstances that had brought this thing about: the long accumulations of irritation, the sense of failure in life, the feeling that he was the cause of her humiliation, and the last crowning business of the night before.

He could imagine nothing; he could only feel, and his feeling was that of a man who has received a blow between the eyes from his dearest friend and without provocation.

And she had left him without money. That was his own fault. She no doubt imagined that he had kept the rest of the bank-notes for himself.

He left the room, fetched his hat from his bedroom, and came downstairs.

When he reached the *salle à manger*, he met the servant girl, who had a letter in her hand. Julia, when she posted her letter that morning, had been in time for the outgoing post. The postman

had just delivered it, and Jack, taking it from the girl, went outside, sat down, and opened it.

He read the letter carefully through. Yet, though he took in the words and the sentences, they gave him no corrected impression, beyond the general one that Julia had left him.

For a moment it seemed to him that either he or she had gone mad. Then the remembrance of his own frightful position, alone, in a strange place, without money to pay his hotel bill, and with no one to appeal to for help, dominated him and made him forgetful even of Julia for a moment.

He got up and walked away in the direction of Eze, thinking mostly of various forms of suicide, and what Julia would think when she saw the tragedy in the papers.

He walked miles and miles in this frame of mind, and then sat down on a broken wall and lit a pipe.

He was cursing Carslake now, though if he had seen the unfortunate Carslake, who was at that moment devouring tea-cakes in the tea-shop at Mentone, he would have taken a less red view of that gentleman. The idea that Carslake had run off with Julia had not yet occurred to him, for Julia's letter was not the letter of a wife who had eloped with another man. He was anathematizing Carslake simply because he felt that Carslake was an intellectual friend of Julia's, and he felt by instinct that something had occurred last night which had kept Julia and Carslake from returning to the hotel—the same instinct telling him that the something was innocent.

Then, as he sat smoking, imagination, whose home is tobacco, began to make suggestions to him. Could Carslake have had anything to do with Julia's action in running away? The *improbability* of that action, the fact that it was against all his knowledge of his wife, had not been accounted for by anything in her letter.

Imagination, once on this subject, gave him no rest. He set off to return to the hotel.

When he entered the place he found evidence of some confusion. The landlord, in his shirt-sleeves, was talking in an excited manner to several neighbors, and the landlady was standing by listening.

"Monsieur Carslake!" replied the good woman to Jack's inquiry. "Oh, Monsieur, he is gone, and *mon Dieu!* such a thing has happened! The police have been here, and they have searched his room, and they have questioned Annette so that the poor girl has nearly had a fit with fright. And how were we to know that he was a spy in the pay of Italy? Why, he has not even settled his bill!"

"When did he go?" said Jack.

"Why, Monsieur, he went out this morning with Madame your wife, and he has not returned yet."

"With my wife!"

"Yes, Monsieur," replied the woman, a look of commiseration coming into her face.

Jack sat down at one of the tables. As he did so, a police official appeared from the passage leading to the upstairs rooms. When he saw Jack, he put down Carslake's bag, which he was carrying, and came to the unfortunate at the table.

"Monsieur was a friend of Monsieur Carslake's?"

Jack raised his head. His face was flaming.

"A friend of his! Yes, — him! A friend of his, yes, and he has robbed me of everything I had in the world! Where is he? Have you got him?"

"No, Monsieur, but we soon will. If he escapes from France this time, he will be a clever man. Will Monsieur walk outside for a moment? I should like to say a word in private."

Jack rose and came outside.

"Monsieur is aware that Madame——"

"I am aware that my wife has gone off with that scoundrel," replied Jack. "Is that what you mean?"

"Has Monsieur any idea where his wife has gone?"

Jack laughed. He took Julia's letter from his pocket and handed it to the man.

"That's the address," said he.

He felt an odious pleasure in thus exposing his own shame and Julia's. It was necessary for him also to clear himself of any suspicion of complicity in Carslake's business.

The man, having read the letter, clicked his tongue against his teeth, folded the paper, put it into its envelope, after having examined the post-mark, and returned it with a bow.

"Monsieur has my condolences. It only remains for me to ask him to come with me to the bureau of the chief of police, so that he may hear this story."

They walked to the police-office, where Jack's papers were examined, his full name, address, and business taken down, and Bachellry taken as a reference.

Then he was free to do with himself as he pleased, and he returned to the hotel.

He had a vague idea of getting dinner somewhere and then going to the Casino, having a try with luck over the last few coins in his possession, and drowning himself if he lost. With a view to putting this plan in action, he went upstairs and dressed.

He dined at the Café Anglais, and after dinner took his way to the Casino.

He had only three louis and some silver after he paid his bill at the café. He had no hope of winning a large sum at the tables, but he thought that with care and decent luck he might possibly win enough to pay his hotel-bill and his railway fare to Paris.

He passed from table to table, undecided as to where to try his luck. He paused at the one adjoining the *trente et quarante* room.

At this table was playing an American trust magnate whom Carslake had pointed out to him the day before—a clean-shaved man, with the appearance of a butler on a holiday. He was backing No. 33, and for a while Jack watched him placing piles of gold plaques on the number and always losing.

Then Jack began to play. At first he had luck, winning some forty francs or so. Then his luck began to fail him. Five-franc piece after five-franc piece went, till at last only one remained. He placed it on a number, choosing 9. Thirty-one turned up, and he found himself standing in the world without a single halfpenny in his possession.

He turned and walked away, left the room, got his hat and over-coat, and went out into the night. He would have to walk back to La Turbie. What then? What would he do in the morning, with a hotel-bill unpaid and not a single halfpenny in his pockets? He had nothing that he could sell or pawn, a gold collar-stud and a Waterbury watch being all that he possessed in the way of jewelry; but he was thinking of this less than of the fact that he was thirsty and had not the money to get a drink. He put his hand in his overcoat pocket for his cigarette-case, took it out, and found it empty.

He closed the case and replaced it in his pocket. Fate had never treated an unfortunate mortal as she was treating him. This last little stroke was worthy of her. Not a cigarette, even!

He had stopped close to a lamp, and as he walked on the glitter of something lying on the ground struck his eye. He stooped and saw what he thought to be a five-franc piece. He picked it up. It was a hundred-franc piece, a plaque, one of those gorgeous coins they mint at Monaco, and the sight of which changing hands at the tables is at once a tonic and a stimulant to greed.

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK entered the Casino for the second time that night with the absolute and sure conviction that he was coming for no good; that he had much better turn his plaque into silver and tramp back to Paris or get a third-class ticket. He did not know how much he would have to pay for a third-class ticket, but he was pretty sure four louis would over-cover the cost.

He passed along to the second table from the door and stood for awhile watching the play, without taking interest in it; watching the jewelled women and the men in correct evening-dress, the movements of the gold and silver and notes on the green board shone upon by the steadfast lamplight.

How long he stood there, he did not know. A woman getting up and clutching in one hand her winnings vacated her chair. He took it, and sat for a while, still watching the table and the play, and seeming to have forgotten what business it was brought him there.

Then all at once he put his hand in his pocket, took out the plaque, and placed it on No. 3. He had quite intended backing *pair* or *passe* or a color—something that would give him an even chance; but all intentions and plans were forgotten in the sudden impulse that came upon him to back a number—any number.

But now that the stake was on, now that the ball was beginning to roll, 3 stood up before him with a dramatic intensity one would never dream of associating with a number.

It was, in fact, a number no longer for him. It was Paris without a penny in his pocket, even if he managed to reach Paris by borrowing the railway fare from Bachelry; it was the awful journey to Paris in a third-class railway carriage; it was everything inconceivable, everything horrible, and it was yet only a number.

For now that the stake was on, he never dreamed of winning. It was impossible.

The clatter of the ball was cut by the "*Rien ne vas plus!*" The ball made a last frantic circuit, paused, tottered, and fell into its socket.

"*Trois. Rouge; impair et manque.*"

He had won.

The turmoil of Jack's mind was tragic. There is always something tragic in salvation. His hand shook as he took the notes handed him by the croupier—notes and gold to the amount of a hundred and seventy-five louis. To hide his confusion from the other players, he pretended to be engaged in counting the precious notes; then he placed them safely in his pocket, and, taking out a paper and pencil, pretended to make notes. He could not trust himself to stand up just yet. He heard the table making itself up, he heard the "*Messieurs, faites vos jeux,*" the rattle of the ball, the "*Rien ne vas plus,*" the final click, and then, "*Trois. Rouge; impair et manque!*"

Three had won again!

The fact made him look up, startled. Then he noticed that every one was looking at him. He flushed angrily and was about to rise, when across the green cloth the croupier with a smile pushed him another wad of notes. Then he understood.

He had forgotten to take up his plaque, and the faithful plaque had brought him another little fortune.

Then it was, and all at once, that nervousness, diffidence, and all the other associates of littleness left him, fell from him like a dropped cloak. Luck had taken him by the hand and led him to the throne and crowned him. He felt as if he were sitting in a strong blaze of light.

Playing now for large stakes, he would make ten thousand francs at a turn of the wheel. Sometimes he would lose—once he lost four times in succession; but the tide came in again, flooding from the great sea of fortune, and so it continued till he was the better of the tables by ninety-five thousand francs—nearly five thousand louis.

So the game stood when the *dernier* was played and play closed for the night.

He made his way out to the atrium, got his hat and coat from the attendants, and left the place. After hesitating a moment, he decided to go over to the *Café de Paris*.

He sat down and ordered a drink and a cigar. He had to change a hundred-franc note to pay for them, and it was when the waiter brought him the change—four louis, a ten-franc piece, and some silver—that the fact of his little fortune was first made concretely evident to him. The glitter of the gold confirmed it, and as he handled the coins the sense of his newly acquired wealth came to him as a concrete sensation quite wonderful in its poignancy and romance.

Never, never in this world is there a human triumph without some ugly thing tied to the chariot of the victor and following it. It may be only a span high or it may be twenty cubits, but it is there.

Julia was the thing following Jack's chariot now and spoiling his triumph.

Ah, if things had only been different! If he could have gone up to La Turbie and shown her his fortune! What was the good of anything? She had gone off with another man.

He remembered Bachellry, and determined to call upon him at the Côte d'Azur.

It was now nearly midnight; the theatrical people would have finished supper and be sitting down to cards. He turned up the steep street leading to the Rue de la Tour and entered the hotel.

Monsieur Bachellry and his party were still at supper in the *salle à manger*; would Monsieur step in?

Jack did.

At a table in the corner of the deserted dining-room, Bachellry, Madame de Corcieux, Fatou Gaye, and the rest were seated, smoking cigarettes, laughing, and talking, and scarcely listening to Bompard, who was trying to make a speech.

At the entrance of Jack, all heads turned and a frozen silence fell upon the party.

The fact of the matter was that the police had applied to Bachellry as to Jack—a very natural action since the suspected one had given them Bachellry as a reference. Bachellry, good-hearted though he was, had a horror of the police; and though he had answered readily enough that Monsieur Revell was a painter of great promise, and that without doubt he was in no way implicated in the Carslake business, the affair had disturbed him. It was so with the rest, all of whom knew, moreover, that Julia Revell, the staid young English wife, had eloped with the spy. The police had spread this information too.

Jack's brilliant eyes and generally disordered appearance gave them the impression that he had been drinking.

There was a general movement as if to rise, but the new-comer intervened.

"You are not going yet! Stay and have a glass of wine with me."

"But we have finished," said Bachellry. "To-morrow, my friend, we will drink with you with pleasure. Besides, I have a throat."

"I too," said Madame de Corcieux. "It is the air of Monte Carlo, and there is only one cure for it—rest; so I am going to bed."

"Oh, no," said Jack, "you are not. *Gargon*, two magnums of Pommery. . . . You are not going to bed till you drink to my luck. Guess what has just happened! I have broken the bank."

"Broken the bank!" cried Bachellry.

"Broken the bank!" cried the others. They thought his misfortune had driven him mad, and they scarcely dared to laugh, afraid that his madness might take some violent turn.

"I have broken the bank; and when I entered the Casino this evening I had nothing in my pocket but a single hundred-franc piece."

This made them certain.

"My friend," said Bachellry. "we congratulate you. It is very interesting. *Mon Dieu!* with a single plaque! Ah, my poor throat!" He rose from his chair, but sat down again, for Jack was now taking his winnings from his pocket.

At the sight of the wads of bank-notes the faces around the table changed as though touched by enchantment. It was true, then! He had broken the bank! He was illustrious, a hero; the only sort of hero who has any honor at Monte Carlo.

"Let's see how much it is," said Jack. "I have n't counted it."

He spread out a gorgeous thousand-franc note, placed another on top of it, and another on top of that. The others counted with him, and the waiter with the open magnum in his hand, who had just arrived, did not pour out the wine, but paused to watch like the rest.

There were ninety-four notes of a thousand francs, some hundred-franc notes, and the gold and silver in his pockets.

He put the whole lot on the table.

"And I made all that out of a hundred-franc piece," said he.

"Oh, *Mon Dieu!*" murmured Fatou Gaye. "What a man you are!"

When they had admired and wondered enough, they all went upstairs. Jack ordered a bed-room, for the lonely journey back to La Turbie did not appeal to him. Then they all sat down to cards. Baccarat for small stakes was the game, and Jack lost five pounds in the course of a couple of hours, feeling very much as Gulliver might have felt if he had sat down to cards with the Lilliputians.

It was now three o'clock in the morning, and, bidding good-night to the rest, he rose to go.

In the passage outside, as he passed down it, he was stopped by a voice at his elbow. It was Fatou Gaye. She had followed him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FATOU had been drinking a good deal of champagne, she had been smoking cigarettes, and she had won a couple of louis.

She was laughing now rather thickly, and she took Jack by the arm as if to steady herself.

"Come here for a moment," said Fatou. "I want to speak to you."

She placed her hand on a door-handle, opened the door, and switching on the electric light, exposed to view a little sitting-room. Next moment Jack found himself alone with Fatou Gaye, who had closed the door.

She took her seat on the corner of the centre table, and proceeded to light a cigarette, laughing as she did so.

Jack did not in the least wish to be alone with the damsel, especially considering the fact that he had ninety-four thousand-franc notes on his person, and she knew it.

"See here," said Fatou, who had mastered the cigarette, "I've heard all about your wife. Poor old chap! How did it happen?"

"What happen? Nothing has happened."

Fatou laughed.

"I knew it all the time! The first time I set eyes on her, I knew what she was; and she was always so *très comme il faut!* Bah! Where are you going?"

Jack had turned to the door.

"I'm going to bed. I'm tired."

Then he backed off and made for his own room, while he stretched himself on the couch and fell asleep.

He was awakened by a beam of sunlight, and, looking at his watch, found that it was nine o'clock. The four hours' sleep had refreshed him wonderfully. With the sense that money worries were no more, had returned somewhat of his old light-hearted and irresponsible way of looking at life.

Half an hour later he was entering the hotel at La Turbie. The table where he usually breakfasted was waiting for him, and on the table was a letter.

He opened it. It was the letter written by Carslake the day before and given to the goat-herd to post. As he cast his eyes over the words, his heart jumped in him. Here was news of Julia at last. Then a chill came over him. Who had written this letter? It was in a man's handwriting; it had been posted at Monte Carlo. He had never seen the handwriting before, to his knowledge; who, then, could possibly be the stranger who knew of his wife's movements and had taken the trouble to write anonymously about them?

CHAPTER XIX.

JACK when he had finished breakfast went upstairs. The letter he had received produced a double effect on his mind: relief at having received news of his wife's whereabouts, and irritation at the mysterious manner in which it had been conveyed. To what man had she intrusted this information?

Carslake was the only man possible. Jack had quite dismissed from his mind the idea that Julia had run off with Carslake. Julia's letter made things clear enough; the truth, that Carslake was intervening to patch up the quarrel between him and Julia, was insisting itself upon his understanding; and this idea, so far from making him feel kindly towards the intermediary, exasperated him.

Jack began to pack furiously, pausing now and then to light a cigarette.

He would go back to Paris, and treat Julia just as she had treated him: give her no address, pursue a policy of masterly inactivity. That was the only way to deal with a woman of her sort.

He went downstairs, paid his bill, and ordered his luggage to be put on a carriage.

"And Madame?" asked the landlady.

"I am going to join her," replied he.

He left his belongings at the railway station, and strolled through the town. One might have thought that he had had enough of the Casino, but the remembrance of his sufferings there was eclipsed by the splendor of his success. He did not know the hold the place had

established upon him till his eye caught a glimpse of the white façade in the morning sunshine.

Should he go over and have another bout with the tables? Was his luck still with him? He could try. He would take one note for a thousand francs, and if he lost that he would stop. A thousand francs more or less did not matter, and if his luck was as good as on the night before, he might simply sweep the place. He might make ten or twenty thousand pounds.

He took the notes from his breast-pocket, selected one, and returned the others. He made the fixed resolve that if he lost this note he would leave the rooms, never to return, and with the resolve in his mind and the note in the pocket of his waistcoat he crossed over to the Casino.

Play had only just begun, yet the place was crowded.

As he entered and the swing-door closed behind him, a report like the bursting of a motor-tire shook the place; then came the shrill screaming of women and the shouting of men, and the second table from the entrance was surrounded by a gesticulating crowd, whilst attendants rushed towards it from all quarters, and police appeared as if from nowhere.

A man had shot himself through the head with a Browning pistol.

Jack saw the crowd divide and the attendants carrying something off, something bulky and covered with an overcoat. The coat slipped, and he saw the face of the thing they were carrying—the face of a fat, pale, bearded man. It wore gold spectacles, so fastened behind the ears that they had not been disturbed, the mouth was hanging open, and the man seemed wildly laughing. Yet he was dead, and from the blue stain on the forehead a trickle of blood ran down the cheek.

He had lost everything the night before, and had borrowed a hundred francs this morning and had lost that.

Such was the story Jack heard men telling one another as he stood horrified and astonished, and feeling as if some devil that inhabited the place had suddenly appeared, spoken, and vanished.

He turned to the door, and even as he turned the excitement was dying down and play was recommencing.

Monte Carlo seemed changed: a tinge of horror touched everything. The sunlight, the blue sky, the gay crowds, all bore some relation to that fat white face with the gold spectacles and the blue mark on the forehead.

Jack had often talked and laughed about people shooting themselves at the tables. The reality was no laughing matter, and he felt like a man who had escaped some hideous danger, but who would never escape from the remembrance of it.

He glanced at his watch. It was after ten o'clock. Where should he go? Paris?

He stood for a moment, as if undecided. Then he turned in the direction of the railway station.

"At what time does the train start for Ventimiglia?" he asked one of the railway officials.

"The train is now due, Monsieur," replied the man.

The coincidence seemed to him like the pointing of a finger. He went to the ticket-office, bought his ticket, and ordered his luggage to be put aboard the train, which at that moment came steaming into the station.

He had determined on going to Bordighera. But what would he do when he got there? Suppose Julia *had* gone off with Carslake? Suppose, even, she had made arrangements to meet him there? Suppose that he found them together?

If he did, it would be all the worse for Carslake. At Ventimiglia he hired a carriage, had the luggage put on it, and started for Bordighera. He reached the little town on the stroke of twelve, and, leaving his luggage at a small hotel near the station, started on foot in search of his wife.

A glint of blue sea showing down a by-street on the right of the main street caught his eye, and he turned down the by-street to have a look at the sea and think things over and arrange in his mind what he should say when they met.

He found himself on the path by the beach, and walked along it towards the kursaal.

Chance led him in this direction—or perhaps Fate.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN he stepped onto the Mentone platform and saw the chief of police almost within touching distance of him, Carslake felt for the first time in his life that the game was lost. Only for a second did this feeling last. In the next he had summed up the position. It was absolutely hopeless to attempt to board the train; he must try back, though that course condemned him to the walking of the streets of Mentone and certain arrest. Still, anything was better than to stay where he was.

He turned and made his way back to the station-entrance.

A motor-car which he had noticed when he came up to the station was still standing, waiting apparently for some one. A girl was sitting in it. She was the tall American girl whom he had noticed bidding good-by to the old lady.

Without a moment's hesitation, Carslake went up to the car and placed his hand upon the door. As he did so, he heard the whistle of the departing train.

"Save me," said he. "The police are after me. I am not a criminal; only a secret service man who has been spying on the forts—English."

"Get in," said the girl.

She spoke without the least hesitation or surprise in her tone. She seemed to have summed up the whole situation at a glance, and the desperate urgency of the matter, and she pointed to a pony-skin coat on the seat as the chauffeur came up. He had been on some message to one of the shops in the street near by, and he was evidently an Englishman.

This fact Carslake noticed as he wriggled into the coat. He wondered what the girl would do. Everything was on her hands now, and if she made a false move he was lost.

"William," said the girl, "Mrs. James has left her pocketbook in the car, and the train has just started. There's nothing for it but to go to Ventimiglia and catch her before she starts for Genoa. Have you petrol enough?"

"Yes, Miss; I believe so."

"Then, off we go. Mr. Smith, would you sooner sit in front or here?"

"Here by all means," said Carslake.

Whilst the chauffeur was starting the engine, the girl was rummaging in a leather wallet fastened to the car-door.

"If your eyes are sensitive, you might like these goggles," said she, producing a pair.

"Thanks awfully," said Carslake, as he put on the goggles, whilst the car slid out of the station precincts, turned the corner, passed down a narrow street, and then, turning to the right, down the broad road where the shops were.

As they picked up speed, the wind made conversation possible without danger of the chauffeur overhearing.

"You are putting me in debt to you for my liberty," said Carslake, speaking in an ordinary conversational tone. "I can't say anything at all by way of thanks—it's not one of the things a man can put in words. But tell me, how did you in one moment hit upon the only plan? If you had taken me in any other direction than Ventimiglia, I should have been lost."

"Well, if you want to get out of France in a hurry, what other way could I have taken you? Paris? It's only a few miles to the frontier this way, and William knows the road—ought to, for he's been

half a dozen times with us to San Remo. But you're not out of the wood yet. Look!"

Ahead of them and posted on either side of the road just where it leaves the town, stood two policemen.

"Will they stop us?" said the girl. "If they do, you are Mr. Smith, an American from Vermont. . . . No, they won't stop us."

She was right. The splendid motor-car driven by a chauffeur in livery was not what these gentlemen were looking for. They were on the watch for a dusty and hunted fugitive.

The car passed them, and the girl laughed.

"I expect you're pretty safe now," said she. "If those men did not stop us, no one else will. And, now that you are out of the trap, tell me about yourself. What on earth are you doing spying in this part of the world?"

Carslake explained. She listened with interest, putting in a word now and then, and showing herself to be possessed of a keen mind.

"And you do all that for the love of it?" asked she.

"Yes, and for the pay—which is not bad. Of course I take no part against England."

They had raised the hill of La Mortola now, and were passing the gates of the Villa Hanbury. Then they began the steep descent that leads to Ventimiglia.

Carslake was practically safe now, and when the houses of the town came into view he turned to his companion.

"I want you to shake hands with me," said he. "I have no words to thank you with. We'll be in the town in a few minutes now, and it's better that we say good-by here. I don't even know your name."

"Adams," said she.

"Adams is n't all your name?"

"Jane's the other part."

They shook hands, and she laughed.

"I expect I'll be late back for dinner. We are staying at the Beau Rivage—I ought to have given you my address as well as my name. I'm staying with my uncle, John J. Adams."

"I know that name," said Carslake. "He is the financier?"

"Yes."

They had passed the city boundary now, and Carslake was safe.

"You are going to the railway station?"

"Yes," replied Miss Adams. "I must, for form's sake, though what I'll say to Mrs. James I don't know. There's just the chance that the Genoa train may have started, and if that's so, I'll have no trouble. Otherwise, I'll have to tell lies and pretend I came on just for a freak."

When the car stopped at the railway station, Carslake wrigg'd out of the coat, gave up the goggles, and got out.

"I shall be staying at the Hôtel Angst, Bordighera," said he. "It's only three miles or so from here; why not bring your uncle over to luncheon some day?"

"Why not come and have luncheon with us?" she laughed. "Funny, is n't it? You could n't if you wanted to."

"Couldn't I?" said Carslake. "What do you bet me I don't? However, we'd better leave the thing open——"

"Yes, that's the best way," said the girl. She got out, they shook hands, and she went into the station.

Carslake was at home in Ventimiglia—it was his base of operations; and at the Hôtel San Fillipo he had some luggage always waiting him and a room reserved.

He went to the hotel, ordered dinner, and after dinner called upon a gentleman not unconnected with the Italian Diplomatic Service. The interview lasted till eleven o'clock that night, and after it was over he found himself free of business for some days to come, with the fruits of his labors in safe hands, to be transmitted to headquarters.

He was not thinking of this as he walked back to the hotel; he was thinking of Julia. The excitement of the last few hours had put her from his mind, and, now that he was free to think, she returned in the form of an image living and potent.

This ghost which he could not lay was asking him a question which he could not answer: Of what use is it to a man if he gains the whole world and loses the woman he wants?

Julia was in his hands, and he could have clasped and held her—and he had let her go. He had played Jack Revell's game when he might have played his own.

He felt he had done the right thing, but that feeling brought him very little satisfaction. He had let Julia go—spurned her, almost, from him.

Arrived at the hotel, he went to his room.

Carslake was a man whose greatest safeguard against dishonor was his rigid partisanship on his own behalf against all the demons of the mind that hound a man on to questionable acts; the demons who cry out, "You might have done this," and, "You were a fool to do that!" As a rule, these voices were dumb, but in Julia's case they were loud and insistent.

He was beginning to waver; beginning to add his own voice to the voices that told him he had made a fool of himself. Why had he not been strong enough to disregard everything, even his thought for

Julia's future, and *make* that future with her himself? She would never be happy with her husband—so he now told himself—but she would go back to him, no doubt, urged by conventions, and finish out an incomplete life by the side of a man she tolerated but never could love.

He was late in getting up the next morning, and it was half past nine before he had finished breakfast. His time was his own, and the day lay before him to do what he liked in.

Bordighera was only three miles or so away, and Julia was there. Should he go and see her? He did not hide from himself in the least the object of his visit. He would say to her quite simply, "I made a mistake. Man is stronger than convention, and Love is stronger than Prudence. I love you: come straight away with me, and let us make a new life and a new existence."

He was actually rehearsing the jargon of the "petty pornographers" and the cant phrases of the fictional-adultery mongers. After having behaved to Jack Revell as a man and a brother, he was now debating in his mind as to whether he should betray him and play him a dirty trick. After having preached against the immorality of seduction, he was now preparing to play the part of seducer. And he was not acting as a hypocrite in the least. This was his true nature. It was the hypocrite who had talked like a father to Julia yesterday—the unconscious hypocrite that formed part of his dual being.

When he had finished breakfast, he lit a cigar and strolled out, taking the direction of Bordighera. He was thinking of Julia and what he would say to her when they met, and he was wondering whether Jack Revell had received his letter.

It was now after eleven. He would not reach the Hôtel Bella Vista till after twelve. Possibly if Jack had started by an early train, he was already in Bordighera.

Would the quarrel have deepened between Jack and his wife, and would they have parted again; or would they, following the illogical habit of some married couples, have forgotten and forgiven everything, and started again cheerfully on the road to the next quarrel?

Carslake passed the octroi of Bordighera and entered the pleasant little town, making his way along the main street and then uphill towards the hotel, always on the lookout for the form of the woman who now dominated his every thought.

He did not see her, and at the hotel he found that she was out.

Madame had been out some time. She had declared her intention of going down to the seashore, but if Monsieur would wait, she would most likely be back now at any moment.

Carslake said he would not wait, but would return in an hour or

so, and then he made his way down-hill again, determined to try the shore. Anything was better than waiting.

He passed down the main street and by a passage to the beach, following the path by the sea-wall past the little kursaal. The forlorn beach was like an omen of evil to him. A feeling came to him that he would not find Julia again.

Just beyond the kursaal begin the rocks that separate the fishermen's beach from the town beach; beyond these rocks lies the blue bay, across which the white houses of Ospedaletti can be seen, and the promontory which hides San Remo.

Carslake, standing on the high point of these rocks, looked about him.

Then he saw Julia. She was sitting on a rock close to the sea edge by the little bathing-place; but she was not alone.

CHAPTER XXI.

JULIA awoke at four o'clock in the morning. "The Romance of a Spahi" was lying on the floor just where she had cast it. She reached for it, and, switching on the light again, began to glance it over. It seemed to her dull and rather meaningless, and the connection between Jack and the Spahi, and Marie Miton and Fatou Gaye, a figment of her disordered mind of the night before. She cast her book again to the floor, switched out the light, and tried to go to sleep.

Impossible. Jack was dominating her thoughts. She could not get away from him; and the strange or perhaps the natural thing was that this domination was not in the least like the domination one would have suspected.

It was the shell of the irresponsible Jack, not the soul of him, that tormented her. She was thinking neither of his goodness nor his badness; she was, in fact, not thinking seriously of him at all; yet his image was there in the room with her, walking about in its shirt-sleeves, with a hair-brush in each hand. Now it was holding up a shirt, saying, "Julia, there's not a blessed button on this shirt!" Now it was lighting a cigarette or hunting for its tobacco-pouch.

Heavens! What a number of infinitesimal things make up married life, and how these infinitesimal things bind people together!

When she was dressed she came downstairs, and occupied herself in writing a long letter to her publisher, proposing the terms for a new book.

She sealed this, and, after a conversation with the manageress of the hotel, started out to post her letter, saying that she proposed to spend some time by the seashore, but would be back for *déjeuner* at half past twelve.

When she had posted the letter she walked through the town, made some small purchases, and then went on to the beach. She pursued her way along the beach till she reached the rocks, and climbed over them till she found a comfortable seat, sheltered from the wind. She had brought a book with her, and she tried to read, but reading was hopeless.

The sound of the sea breaking on the rocks was enough to distract her attention. It was a sound full of loneliness. Loneliness was pursuing her like a hound, or, rather, like a pack of hounds.

The world seemed extraordinarily hideous; not a friend anywhere. It seemed to her, looking back on the Parisian days, that there was far more warmth and humanity amidst the Bohemians. Yet, strange to say, the Bohemians were more obnoxious to her now than the society folk.

She was gazing at the blue sea as she reached this ultimate conclusion, and then, tired of gazing at the sea, she turned and saw Jack.

He was coming across the rocks towards her. Now, the rocks just here are huge and ragged, and to cross them you must leave your dignity behind you and emulate the crab.

Jack looked not unlike a climbing beetle, but Julia's face did not change, and the only evidence of her emotion was a slight heightening in color. For a moment she half rose, as if to make her escape; then she sat down again and waited whilst the crawling one drew nearer.

"Look here," said Jack, when he got within reach of her. "What's the good of all this? I've been hunting for you everywhere. It's absolutely absurd. How long have you been here?"

He was talking as if their parting had only been half an hour ago, and as if their quarrel had been a tiff over some trifle. When he had sighted her first he had got ready the set speech he had prepared in the train, but the thing would n't go off. It had clean gone from his mind, in fact. The climbing over the rocks had completed the business.

"How long have I been where?" said Julia.

"Here, in this beastly place. You wouldn't even listen to an explanation."

"There was nothing to explain. You spoke to me in a way no man would ever speak to a person he cared for—he even respected. It wants no explanation."

"I speak to you! I never said anything. You flew at me like a tiger."

"Thanks."

"I only asked you where you'd been."

"Oh, you only asked me where I'd been! Well, I'll tell you now where I was: I was with Mr. Carslake."

"Thanks. I don't want to hear any more." He turned to go.

"Perhaps," said Julia, "if you don't want to hear any more for your own sake, you may for mine. I was with Mr. Carslake, and we spent the night on the golf-links of Monte Carlo, in the club-house. We had to, simply because we could not find our way down on account of the fog."

He had turned again.

"The club-house!"

"Yes. It's only half built, and we had to shelter there. We lit a fire, and sat there shivering, and then I got some old sacks and made a bed."

"But why did n't you *tell me?*"

"Tell you! I was n't in the humor for telling any one anything, and you were a nice person to tell things to, coming home like that at six in the morning, after having spent a night with those people!"

"Well, if you'd told me, you'd have saved all this. D—— Carslake and the golf-links! He's as near as possible done for me. There I was without money, without a blessed cent——"

"Without money! Why, you kept half the bank-notes."

"Yes, and I lost them."

"Lost them!" Julia flushed. She was beginning to forgive Jack, but this blow hit her hard. Her precious money that she had labored for, the money that meant so much and the loss of which would condemn them to pinching and scraping and all the noxious shifts of poverty—lost!

"Oh, you *idiot!*" said she. "You *idiot!* Lost! Look at the position you have put us in! Think of going back to Paris with less than half the money we started with; think of it, and think of me working and slaving, and you—ugh! *How did you lose it?*"

"I lost it at the tables," said Jack.

"You lost it at the tables!" said Julia. "Just for viciousness, because I left you, I suppose, you went off and flung the money away—the precious money I worked so hard for and which was mine."

"I lost it before you went away," said Jack, taking his seat on the rock by her.

"When?"

"Oh, the day before. It nearly drove me mad. I began to play for a few shillings, then I got sucked in. I lost and lost. Then I left the rooms and came up to La Turbie. You were out, so I dressed and went back to the rooms. When play closed for the night, I was still badly on the losing side. I could n't come back to La Turbie—I wanted to talk to people—so I went to Bachellry's and played cards. When we stopped it was too late for me to go back, so I slept on his sofa.

Then you met me coming back. When I left you the pocketbook, I left you all the money I had, except a few sovereigns—not enough to pay our bill at La Turbie."

Julia groaned.

"So we have to pay that still," said she, "and the bill here, and the railway fare back—" She stopped and gazed gloomily before her. She had sunk all thoughts of dividing from Jack and "making her own life." The absence from him had welded one fact into the texture of her mind, and that was the fact that he and she were one and indivisible, for better or worse; that they had grown together too closely to be divided; that though she might rail at him and carp at him, and that though he might be a trouble and a blight on her social life, he was a necessary part of her.

She had taken Jack back without any formality of speech, and pretty much as a mother takes back a truant child.

She now proceeded to lay him across her knee—metaphorically speaking—and—comb him.

"Well, it will be you that will suffer. We shall go back third-class—you'll enjoy that. And I'll have no new clothes this spring—but that's a detail—and you'll come to England. What's that you're taking from your pocket? A cigar done up in silver paper—what did that cost?"

"Three francs," said Jack, stripping the paper from the cigar.

"What I like about you," said Julia, with chilly calm, "is your care and thought for me. You never think of yourself. If you put that thing in your mouth, I will never speak to you again. Three francs, and I wanted a new blouse! And I would n't even get a cup of chocolate this morning at Berger's, just to save the money."

Jack put the cigar back into his pocket.

"What I like about you," said he, "is the way you never listen to reason—or, rather, you never ask for a reason. Do you think I'd smoke three-franc cigars if I was n't able to afford one now and then?"

"I do," said Julia. "And what do you mean? You told me a moment ago that you had lost all that money. You know our position, or ought to, and now you talk about being able to afford extravagances like that!"

"Yes, but you did n't let me finish."

Julia glanced at him, and her color heightened. He wore such a self-satisfied look that she could not help feeling there was something behind all this.

"Well, finish, then——"

"I will. I went to the tables last night and I lost every cent. I came out, and had not enough to buy a cigarette. I had just put my

empty cigarette-case back in my pocket when I saw something shining on the ground. It was a plaque—a hundred-franc piece. I picked it up and went back to the rooms. It was my only chance, and I felt luck was with me at last. I put the plaque on No. 3."

"Yes!"

"It won."

"And what did you win?"

"Well, you see, I put five louis down, and I won thirty-five times my stake. That is to say, I won a hundred and seventy-five louis."

"Oh, thank goodness!" cried Julia. "What luck!"

She had forgotten their differences; the overwhelming sense of relief made her forget everything for the moment.

"Wait a moment," said Jack. "I was counting my notes when the ball spun again, and next moment the croupier handed me another hundred and seventy-five louis. You see, I had forgotten to take up my stake, and three had won again."

Julia stared at him in astonishment.

"So you made over three hundred louis!"

"Three hundred and fifty louis, I made."

"Jack," said she, "there is more than luck in that. It was Providence. Ah, to think of it! We're richer than we started—nearly."

"I have n't done yet," said Jack. "When I made that money I had not really begun to play. The thing seized me all at once. I felt I was going with the stream, and that I could n't lose. I went mad, I believe, for in my calm senses I never should have dared to stake as I did. I won and won; sometimes I lost, but the luck always came back."

"What did you win?" cried Julia. "Don't keep me in suspense."

"I won over four thousand pounds."

"Four—thousand—pounds!"

"Four thousand pounds."

He took the notes from his pocket and showed them to her, and at the sight of the ninety thousand-franc notes Julia gasped and caught her hand to her heart. Then she took them and felt them and laughed over them like a child. As far as they went, they represented everything worth having: peace, and time to write in, clothes, escape from petty worries.

"They're yours," said Jack.

"Mine!"

"Of course; did n't I win them with your money?"

She turned to him and kissed him. There were tears on her cheeks. Then, holding his coat open, she put the notes back in his breast-pocket.

"They belong to us both. Oh, Jack, I've been a fool! And so have you—but I was the worst, for I went off and left you. When I met you yesterday morning, I told a lie, too. At least, I pretended I'd been sitting up waiting for you. You see, it was so hard to explain all that when I was in a temper. I could have told you easily enough, and laughed over it as a joke, if I had n't been angry with you, and with that fog for playing me such a trick."

"Never mind, Julie," said he. "It's over now, and there's no use in crying over spilt milk. Besides, only for that row, I should never have made that pile. Is n't it fine? I don't want to think of anything else. A man does n't have such a piece of luck once in a thousand years."

"Well," said Julia, "thank goodness we are safe out of Monte Carlo! I would not go back there for worlds."

"That reminds me," said Jack, bursting out laughing. "You could n't if you wanted to."

"And why not, pray?"

"Well, it's this way. Carslake has the police after him. Do you know what he is? He's a secret service man, and he's been making plans of all the forts on the French side."

"I know," said Julia. "He told me."

"Well," said Jack, "when you went out yesterday morning with him, the landlady saw you, and she told the police, and do you know what they thought? They thought you and he had run off together."

Julia's face flushed all over.

"They think it still," went on Jack, "and, upon my word, for a moment I thought it, too. Anyhow, there's the fact. We'll have to go home by the Genoa route, for if they saw you passing through Monte Carlo, they'd bottle you."

"Fools!" said Julia. She was silent for a moment; then she turned to him.

"Jack, how did you know I was here?"

"How did I know? I forgot—that's the funniest part of the thing. I got a letter."

"A letter!"

"Yes, an anonymous letter. Just a few lines, saying you were here, and giving your hotel."

"Have you got the letter?"

"I believe so."

He hunted in his pockets, found it, and gave it to her.

She read it carefully, and looked at the post-mark.

"Mr. Carslake wrote this."

"Carslake?"

"Yes; I know his handwriting—he lent me a book the other day, and his name was in it, written by himself. Besides, he was the only person who knew I was here."

"How on earth did he know that?"

"I told him—at least, he advised me to come here."

"Like his cheek!"

"It was n't cheek at all. He is our very best friend. He is the very best man in the world. I'll tell you a secret: I think he cared for me."

"D——him!" said Jack. "Did he tell you that?"

Julia hesitated a moment.

"He did. Don't fly into a temper. Another man would have tried to make mischief between us; he did n't. He took your part—he saw the state I was in. He told me to come to the hotel here; and then, though he must have done it at great risk to himself, he sent you that letter telling you where I was."

"He should n't have told you that. No man should say such a thing to a married woman."

"My dear Jack, he's not a man like other men. He's just himself; and if you had heard him telling me that, you would not have been in the least offended. He talked to me like a grandfather."

"Oh, that sort of thing——"

"Not a bit. He really does care for me. When a man older than a woman talks to her like a grandfather, he generally means mischief. Carslake is absolutely different; and he is about the only man in the world I would trust—except you."

"Well," said Jack, relenting, "he seems to have acted straight, anyhow. I must say I always liked him. He was a fellow who could look you in the eye, and he was a gentleman, all right. Where did he go when you left him?"

"He went straight up towards the golf-course, and I do hope he's escaped!"

"He's pretty sure to have done that," said Jack. "I say, Julia, did we ever think, when we started from Paris, we were going to have such a lively time?—running away from each other, and breaking the bank, and mixing up with spies, and you being suspected by the police—that's the cream of the joke!"

"I don't want any more cream like it," said Julia. "I want nothing now but a little peace and quiet. Why, there he is!"

"Who?"

"Mr. Carslake."

Jack turned and saw Carslake just as we left him, standing on the edge of the rocks, with his eyes fixed on Julia.

He had been standing like this for half a minute, and he had just broken from the spell and was preparing to make his retreat when he saw that he was recognized.

He raised his hat and came towards them. He could tell at the first glance that the pair were reconciled. He saw before him his own work, and knew that it was good, and that it had destroyed the chief desire of his heart; yet his face showed nothing at all of the tumult in his mind.

He had to negotiate the rocks just as Jack had done.

Julia rose to meet him.

"So you've got here all safe," said she.

"Yes," said Carslake; "I made my escape."

He shook hands with them, and they sat down. Jack produced his cigarette-case, now filled, and Carslake took a cigarette and lit it.

"Tell us all about it," said Julia. "Did you go back to Monte Carlo when I left you?"

Then Carslake recited his adventures from first to last.

Jack was the first to break silence when the story had been told.

"That was a ripping girl," said he. "If she hadn't taken the whole thing in at a glance and acted on it at once, you'd have been bottled as sure as we are sitting here. I'd give anything to see that chief of police's face this morning."

Julia looked at her watch.

"It's after half past twelve," said she. "Won't you come and have luncheon with us? We can go somewhere in the town—the hotel is too far, and they'll have started luncheon there already."

But Carslake excused himself, and they said good-by outside the café, Carslake returning to Ventimiglia, and Julia and her husband making their way to the hotel.

CHAPTER XXII.

A WEEK later, having had enough of the Riviera, they determined to return, not to Paris but to England.

"We have nearly five thousand pounds," said Julia, "and that at five per cent. will bring us in two hundred and fifty a year, and two hundred and fifty a year is affluence in a cottage. Then, there is what we can make by painting and by writing books."

"Where do you propose to take your cottage?" asked Jack.

"Somewhere not far from London," replied Julia; "somewhere where one can think and not go to sleep. It's a frightful mistake to go too far from London—or Paris, for the matter of that. A city is like a lamp radiating thought-rays. I don't want to be in the lamp—

it's too full of moths with burnt-up wings, and the rays are too strong—they give me a headache—and I don't want to be too far from it.

"The Midlands? Heavens, no! Who ever wrote a book or painted a picture in the Midlands? Devonshire is too junkety; besides, I believe Dartmoor is being enclosed by the government, the conduct of literary people has been so queer there. Besides, it's worn bald. Sussex, perhaps, or Kent."

"So be it," said Jack.

Two days later they went into San Remo and took their tickets for Paris via Genoa and Turin.

At the station on the morning of starting, Jack bought a copy of the New York *Herald* (Paris edition). In the train he handed it to Julia, pointing to a passage which she read. It ran:

An exciting incident is reported from Mentone, where the season has been a very full one and marked by the large number of American visitors who are staying at the hotels or have taken villas for the spring months. Amongst these are John J. Adams of the Fourth Avenue National Bank, his wife and niece. At a luncheon party given yesterday by Mr. Adams, in celebration of his niece's birthday, the police made a dramatic entry with the dessert.

It appears that a gentleman of the name of Carslake, who had made the acquaintance of the Adams family, was the object of this unexpected attention on the part of the authorities. He had come over for luncheon from Ventimiglia on the Italian side, and his car, which he had taken the precaution to leave outside the hotel, and which the police had neglected to guard, was the means of one of the most dramatic escapes in the history of the Riviera.

Carslake, it seems, had to do with the Italian secret service, and he was wanted badly by the French police for map-making and other misdemeanors. It appears that they all but had him a week ago, but he eluded them and made his escape across the frontier. Instead of staying in safety, he had the hardihood to accept the invitation of the unsuspecting Adamses.

The result was that our gentleman, suddenly confronted with the law, made a dash for liberty, upsetting the law in his course. Reaching his car, a powerful Darracq, he managed to start it single-handed, and, with the Law in full pursuit, but on foot, headed for Monte Carlo.

A mile from Monte Carlo he left the car to look after itself, and by some miraculous means reached Monaco.

J. P. Herring (another American) had anchored his yacht that morning in the quiet harbor of the little principality. Her motor-launch was at the harbor steps, with one man in charge. Carslake knew the Herring yacht, and, guessing the launch to belong to her, ordered the sailor to take him on board, making out that he was a friend of Herring's.

The unfortunate sailor complied with Carslake's wishes, with the result that half way across the harbor, at the muzzle of a revolver held inconspicuously but persuasively by the secret service man, he had to shift his helm and make for the open sea.

The launch crossed the bay towards the Italian coast, and landed its passenger on the shore beyond the point that shelters San Remo.

Here Carslake disappeared. Nor has he been heard of since, though the Italian authorities are said to be searching diligently for him—a search which, if we know anything about the ways of governments, is being conducted with one eye shut.

"He went to luncheon with that girl!" cried Julia.

"I thought he seemed a bit struck with her," said Jack. "What a beggar the chap is for coolness! He deserves success."

Julia said nothing for awhile; then Jack found himself suddenly embraced—they had the compartment to themselves—and found to his equal astonishment that Julia was in tears.

"Why," he cried, "what's the matter, Julia darling? What are you crying for?"

"I'm not crying—I don't know." Julia wiped her cheek on his shoulder. "It's all so strange," said she, "the whole thing, and—there!—it's over."



GETTYSBURG

BY H. PERCIVAL ALLEN

SLEEP, peaceful hills! Thy crimson sun shall set
No more upon the faces of the dead;
Thy growing fields shall raise their golden grain
Untrampled by the feet of life and death.
Sleep, for the cry from tight-pressed, suffering lips
Is hushed forever, and the hearts that bled
Have underneath thy flowers gone to rest.

Sleep wrapped in peace, no more shall passion climb
In desecration up thy bleeding sides,
Nor hatred look defiance in the eyes;
For 'neath the quiet of thy summer sky
Those hearts that longed for peace, yet fought so well
Lie dreaming past the bitterness of death.

Yea, sleep,—through all the anguish and the strife,
The spirit was the same that made them great;
Lo, now they rest, unblamed, as friend and foe,
Beneath thy wounded fields where shadows creep,
While o'er those armies silent, rank and file,
Thy evening skies their sundered stars unite.

WHEN HISTORY REPEATS

By Willard French

WE have been accustomed to revere the Constitution of the United States as the great instrument to which we owe our national stability and integrity, at home and abroad. Safeguarded by its restrictions, we have developed, in a little more than a century, from three million struggling colonists to a nation of ninety millions of the most peaceful and prosperous people on the earth. But for a while past certain politicians have been proclaiming that whatever is wrong; that every evil which has crept into our system, every failure of legislative or judicial representative to maintain the highest standard, is the result of our adherence to an inadequate and obsolete Constitution, hampering and retarding our national progress.

Since the dawn of history, popular agitation has been a remunerative occupation; and increasing throngs of followers have in turn inspired the leaders, till their claims and promises have overtaken and outstripped even Nihilists and Socialists; drawing them into the new faith that the initiative, the referendum, the recall, placing us in direct control of every function of government, will make us kings and princes all.

There are many seductive features in their arguments, especially tempting to those who have not yet learned by bitter experience to doubt the too obvious. Very few of us ever studied the Constitution. Probably not one in ten thousand of the legal voters of the United States ever read the document intelligently or has more than the vaguest notion of how it came to be and what it really is. And when we are told that it is only a set of regulations prepared for three million simple farm-folk, long before steam and electricity and other modern notions were heard of, it seems reasonable to believe that it can hardly be minutely applicable and helpful to ninety millions of people in the midst of the twentieth century. Yet we should be slow to admit that "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not steal," are inapplicable, because the Ten Commandments were prepared for a handful of ignorant Hebrews wandering in a wilderness, four thousand years ago.

The science of human duty does not change, and the better we study the new proposition, the more sinister its features seem; while the more we consider the Constitution, the better we are convinced that it was more than a temporary prop to federate a few colonies of victorious

revolutionists; that it is, indeed, the concrete ethics evolved from the governmental wisdom of all past ages; from the experience of all the other nations, which came slowly from barbarism, through periods of despotic tyranny, solving their problems as they presented themselves, till they eventually developed the systems of to-day—systems of monarchies so set about with restrictions that more than one sovereign has materially less power than the President of the United States.



That a nation cannot exist without some kind of a sovereign head, even Socialists and Anarchists must admit. But unless the sovereign head is so restricted that it must be subservient to the welfare of the whole people, it is pure and simple despotism. That, too, we all admit. Americans understand this perfectly in its application to foreign nations. We approve the necessity and appreciate the value of every law curbing the power of kings. If we could only understand the application of the same principle *at home*, we should realize the cause, the quality, and the value of the Constitution.

We had no past. We did not develop from barbarism. In modern times we sprang suddenly into being—a sovereign nation, of automatic necessity possessing a sovereign head. In repudiating all semblance of monarchy and establishing a republic, we, the people, *all* of the people, jointly and equally became *the sovereign head of the nation*. We are this to-day, and always have been, irrespective of the Constitution; and such we shall be until we surrender our individual rights through a representative government to the direct autocratic domination of a majority of votes cast into ballot-boxes.

The Constitution did not make us. We made the Constitution—and we can unmake it. We made it because it was self-evident that, even more than a king, the people—the sovereign head of a republic—must be restrained from the abuse of power or inevitably fall into the worst of all forms of despotic tyranny—the spasmodic dictatorship of fluctuating majorities.

Even if a majority was always right—which is so far from true that it is often a misguided mob—the minority still has some rights; and by all that is just in heaven and on earth that minority, though but a single individual, the poorest, most unpopular mortal in the land, should be protected in those rights, against the despotic tyranny of any imaginable majority. Else why do we disapprove of lynching? It is only the initiative and referendum—the autocratic rule of the majority.

Therefore the Constitution.

The Constitution is a declaration of general principles, mutually agreed upon, and of the method by which the will of the whole people

shall be deliberately crystallized into law, and the law be impartially enforced. It is a pledge which we made with one another at the start, that, whatever happens, the lives, the liberty, and the possessions of the whole people and the rights of every individual shall be sacred, under law. It is a curb which we voluntarily placed upon ourselves, directly intended to preclude a temporary majority from abusing the sovereign power which is equally vested in us all. It is an arrangement of governmental machinery devised for the express purpose of preventing impulsive, ill-considered, hasty action from overruling the real will of the people and ignoring the rights of the minority. It is a compact made in advance, by which we agree that when moments of passion come, moments of excitement, moments of bitter prejudices, we will then restrain ourselves, ignoring the temptation which will always present itself to the party numerically in power to indulge in drastic measures for the benefit of the majority.

It is not difficult to appreciate the desirability of such a compact, either for three millions or for ninety millions, whether in the eighteenth or the twentieth century. The basic principle of international arbitration is precisely the same. We earnestly advocate such a compact between nations, because we know that the result will be world-peace, in perpetuity; yet we are deliberately abrogating the theory among ourselves when, just as surely, the result can be only disorder and chaos.

We repudiate the Constitution—the whole theory of deliberation, judicial and legislative, upon which the Constitution is founded—when, like Phaeton, we grasp the reins of government, demanding direct control, through initiative, referendum, and recall. We forget that for more than a century we have lived in security, hardly even conscious of the great governmental agencies protecting us; enjoying “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,” subject only to such restrictions as enabled others to do the same. Yielding to the exhortations of agitators, we demand that a majority of voters at the polls shall have the power of enacting and repealing laws and manipulating judges and judicial decisions.

◆

It is reasonable to believe that we never should have thought of it had we not been prodded by the thrilling tongues and pens of politicians; and it is reasonable to believe that they would not have done the prodding had there not been behind their eloquence the consciousness that in “downing the bosses,” for example, they were really establishing a more sinister and effective machine for the manufacture of apparent public opinion; that “Let the people rule!” meant the creation of a condition in which the whole country could be easily ruled by a few—by the small number constituting the difference between a majority and

a minority—whom those at the helm could manipulate to their own advantage. It is a reasonable conclusion because no other result of unlimited initiative, referendum, and recall was ever possible.

The Constitution already provides for the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, only under restrictions which insure deliberation and tend to secure justice. The direct result of the new method is to obliterate these safeguards of the minority. Every evil which has crept into our system can be eradicated under the Constitution as it stands, or if it is desirable to change it, there is but one clause of the Constitution which is not itself subject to recall or amendment, if it is the concerted and deliberate wish of the people. Restrained and protected by its limitations, the people rule to-day more truly, more justly, and much more wisely than can be possible in a direct government by majorities disclosed by the ballot-box.

Our hearts have been filled with hopes of an impossible Utopia. These vaunted remedial measures are a denial of ages of human experience. All of them have been tested, over and again, in the past. They have always failed, and their failures have carried nations to destruction. Every one of them is and always has been at war with all that is best and sound and preservative in every governmental policy on earth. There is nothing new in them. They are older than Christianity, and every effort to introduce them has resulted—as it will result with us—in the unrestrainable despotism of any temporary majority which can be roused by the strident voice of a successful agitator. It means nothing less than anarchy. It means that instead of being a free and independent people, we shall be hopelessly ignored, without even a court of justice to defend us in our human rights, whenever *we* happen to be in the minority.



And right here we must not fail to realize our great mass of alien voters, poorly able to speak any language, who take advantage of our dangerously generous suffrage laws. Under the new system, especially in large cities, they will frequently be the effective power at the polls—the *sovereign power*, by producing a majority—making and administering our laws and regulating our courts by their ballots; cast according to the commands of those who touch their tempers or fill their pockets. The sovereign power will no longer be the people, but any and every apparent majority at the polls. The ballot will no longer be restricted to the selection of representatives upon whom must rest the responsibility of legislation, but it will be in absolute command, making and repealing laws, freed even from the possibility of veto or appeal.

The door is opened wide. Observing a few preliminary regulations,

any one who will may present to the people any problem which the ingenuity and ambition of interested individuals may devise, or any complicated question which shrewd politicians can construct. In Congress such questions are proposed in the shape of bills and referred to appropriate committees. There they are carefully discussed, considered from various angles, amended and guarded, and finally reported to the House, favorably or adversely, to be debated and voted upon. If the vote is favorable the bill is then sent to the Senate, where it is again referred to a committee for further investigation and amendment, before it comes before the Senate for more debate, changes, eliminations, and amendments; till in the deliberate judgment of both bodies it is the best expression possible of the wish of the whole people. Then it is voted upon by the Senate, and after that it must go to the President for his veto or signature. The sins are legion which can secrete themselves under the robes of righteous-looking little bills. The shrewdest and best of our statesmen sometimes fail to find them all. But under the new system the bill is presented directly to the people, and with no better preparation than they can obtain from paid articles in newspapers and paid orators on the stump, with no power or opportunity to qualify or amend, they must go to the polls and solve the problem by answering with a direct "yes" or "no" upon a secret ballot, overruling legislatures and making and repealing laws with a verdict from which there is no appeal.

For example: in one State, during the first year after the adoption of the initiative and referendum, every law which the legislature passed was referred to the people and *repealed* by a majority vote; while every law which the legislature refused to pass was referred to the people and *passed*, over the head of the legislature—a legislature elected by the votes of those same people and generally re-elected by them the following year. In another State, a statesman opposed to the new system was addressing a large political gathering. He said: "In a few days you are to vote upon five important amendments to your State constitution. I will not ask you to explain those amendments, but if there is one man in this audience who can simply tell me, now, what those five amendments are, I will withdraw my opposition." He waited in vain. There was not a single man present who could even name the five constitutional amendments upon which he was to cast his vote within the next few days.

Few people are interested in many public questions. They have not the time or inclination to study them. How can they? We may, in pardonable egotism, consider ourselves capable of solving some problems offhand, but few would declare themselves able to answer *all* questions. Under this new system, however, we must be ready to trust every man who is able to slip through our lax registration laws to answer *every* question which can be proposed; and we must abide by a majority of

one, without the power of appeal. Many questions can be and will be put which it will be utterly impossible for an honest, intelligent man to answer with an unqualified yes or no. And yet the ballot-box is the supreme legislative instrument wherever unrestricted initiative, referendum, and recall are introduced. It is appalling.

Why do stockholders in banks and large corporations meet once a year and elect high-salaried officials to conduct the business, and a board of directors to sit in oversight, then drop the matter, satisfied that they have done their best for good dividends? That is representative government. It is the only way in which the affairs of a corporation or a nation can be successfully conducted.

Imagine the impossible. A great corporation, doing an intricate and complicated business all over the world, with thousands of stockholders scattered over the entire country, the great majority, numerically, being very small investors, from among the poor and illiterate. This corporation announces that every shareholder is to have one vote, irrespective of the amount of his holding; that any one has the privilege, whenever he will, of proposing any change in existing methods of doing business, or new regulations, or what he will; that in thirty days all the stockholders who care to can vote yes or no to the proposition, and that the majority of votes thus cast shall render the proposition an absolute law of the corporation, though in direct defiance of the best judgment of every officer and member of the board of directors, and though not a quarter of the stockholders took the trouble to vote at all, and the great majority of those who did vote knew absolutely nothing about the business of the corporation beyond the fact that they held a share of the stock and were entitled to a vote.

Who would invest large sums of money in such a corporation? Who would not know that no matter how colossal its business and substantial its credit had become previous to the new order, only chaos and ruin could be before it under such management? That would be government by initiative and referendum, and no nation or corporation could long exist under the system.



In the United States Senate a Senator of great wealth, chairman of an important committee, a man of quick insight and clear comprehension, during the last two sessions was officially asked by a member of the Cabinet to permit a bill of possibly twenty words to go before the Senate for consideration, from his committee. It was the simplest proposition which English words could frame, entailing no expense, but permitting the Department to afford a valuable public facility. For a year this Senator was importuned to give the matter attention, but he replied to every one that while he was not opposed to the measure

and should probably favor it when he could give it due consideration, he was not willing to place the proposition before the Senate for debate and discussion until he had taken ample time to consider and investigate and carefully assure himself concerning it.

Therein he was probably correct and properly guarding the interests of the country; but the curious thing about it is this: He was among the charter advocates and is, and always has been, one of the most vigorous supporters of the initiative, the referendum, etc. He believes—or professes to believe—that if that same proposition, or one infinitely more complex, sinister, and serious, were presented to his constituents, without any opportunity to discuss, debate, change, or investigate, they are every one of them capable of replying within thirty days, with an unqualified yes or no, which shall be unalterable and imperative; while a year has been too short a time for him, with nothing else to do but to consider such matters, and with every facility, to be willing even to present the question to the Senate for further consideration. He is not alone in this inconsistency. Between the preaching and the practice of many leaders of the new system there is a great gulf.

Wherever the system has been tested, thus far, the results show that those interested in the legislation will secure the mass of ignorant votes, and that those not interested will simply remain away from the polls, leaving those who are opposed in a small minority. Exceptional questions—broad questions of prohibition, for example—questions in which people generally are interested and upon which most people have a pre-conceived opinion, have secured fairly large votes. But the great majority of matters referred to the people has met a response from only a decided minority of the registered voters, while the registered voters are but a small minority of the people for whom they speak. The condition will not improve as the novelty wears off; but a small majority of a constantly dwindling minority of the registered voters will govern this country, absolutely in the interests of those in a position to instigate legislation—in the interests of bosses and machines improved and perfected by the new system.

Illusive hope was held out to us that the preferential primaries would give us also the direct power to nominate candidates of our choice; but on entering the voting-booth we find a list of names, as usual; only that before they were the names of men who had at least some claim to public attention, while now they simply represent men who want the office, who have paid certain fees and secured a certain number of names on a petition to put themselves up for nomination, regardless of personal fitness or even of personal popularity. For instances are abundant of men who have failed to secure as many votes at the polls as they had obtained names on their preliminary petitions.

But the worst phase of this feature of the new system is that its

requirements of would-be candidates are so obnoxious to self-respecting men that the names of those best fitted for public offices will soon disappear entirely from primary ballots. Already, wherever the new system has been tested, it is reported that the percentage of voters has decreased and the personnel of candidates deteriorated. It is inevitable.

There was truth in the old adage that the office should seek the man. Men worthy of office will not stump for themselves through a preferential primary campaign, begging the populace to put their names in nomination. It is reasonable when a man has been nominated by his party and has the obligation thrown upon him to defend its interests; but it is repugnant to any man worthy of public respect to enter the arena with a lot of self-named office-seekers to plead for votes just to get himself nominated.



We are accustomed to feel that we have demonstrated to the world that self-government is practical and productive of unparalleled prosperity. As a matter of fact, with the phenomenal surface riches of her vicinage, up to the present our country would have been phenomenally prosperous under any reasonable form of government. But it is to the Constitution, preventing our becoming a despotism of fluctuating majorities, that we owe our dignity abroad, and the fact that at home we have remained "one and inseparable." If the cry is true that the people are deprived of their rights, then we have not demonstrated it. If it is a fact that the Constitution is inadequate and oppressive, we have almost demonstrated the contrary. If we are ready to throw off the restrictions and make the temporary majority the sovereign head of the nation, then we have not only failed in the demonstration, but we are riding to our fall as did the republics of Greece and Rome when they inaugurated the same system, centuries before Christ. Shall we turn from the way we have been following so successfully into a by-path which through all history has led only to anarchy and chaos? Shall we barter a birthright for a mess of pottage? Shall we permit History to repeat its saddest pages to pamper a few personal ambitions?

There have always been those who, with Alexander Hamilton, doubted the invulnerable stability of a republican form of government, for the simple reason that the people, being the sovereign power, could unmake as easily as they made the saving compact, surrendering their sovereignty to the unrestricted tyranny of majorities, thereby signing their own death-warrant.

Is it possible that instead of demonstrating to the world that a republic is possible, we are really demonstrating that Alexander Hamilton was right?

IN REMEMBRANCE

THE ANTARCTIC HEROES OF 1912

By Florence Earle Coates

ENGLAND, heroic deeds have ever crowned thee,
Have proved the dauntless temper of thy soul;
Great memories of the past have ever found thee
Intrepid,—as of old, untouched and whole.

Triumphant mother! make an end to sighing
For heroes, happy!—with sonorous breath
Let bugles sing their requiem who are lying
In all the full magnificence of death.

They knew not failure!—dream and aspiration
They knew, indeed, and love, and noble joy;
And, at the last, faith brought them the elation
That Destiny is powerless to destroy.

The utmost summit of desire attaining,
What further is there left deserving strife?
Ah, there is still the peerless hope remaining,—
In death to prove one's worthiness of life! . . .

England, once more heroic sons have crowned thee—
With hard-won laurels have enwreathed thy name:
Have shown the world the bulwark set around thee,
Adding a consecration to thy fame.

Nor have they blessed thee, only: Fate defying,
Others, in Lands remote, shall fear contemn,
And find it easier, themselves denying,
To die like heroes, too, remembering them!

They do not lie in lonely graves, forsaken,
Who for high ends supremely strive and dare!
From human hearts they can no more be taken,
And Immortality is with them there!

THE BUSINESS OF THE POLICY

By Stanley Olmsted

WHILE the bunch lights R. U. E. hissed forth orange rays of a mellow twilight, toned to silveriness by violet reflectors somewhere in the upper flies, a gentleman in powdered hair and satin coat stepped off the stage into the wings. By this act of self-effacement, a prim-mouthed but highly decorative blonde-haired and gold-broidered lady was left in solitary possession. The applause went on, though with a perceptible diminution. The end of this act always proved effective.

Another lady, more youthful, more gracile, and far, far less elaborate, stood on the lower section of the stairway leading to the tier of dressing-rooms. At the powdered-haired young man she shook a disgusted head. "Artie Richards, you're a quitter. Why don't you summon your nerve and stick—right to the last curtain call? There are no stars in this production. I do believe you're afraid of her."

The young man bowed. "Thank you for those kind words. No stars—but, you see, our sunsets are fed by a few live wires and things. The precariousness of our job guarantees the preciousness of our talents. *Savez?*"

If the remarks were evasions, the young woman, in turn, evaded the accompanying gestures.

"Old silly!" she chided. "Hist! They've stopped clapping—she's coming. Now be a good boy. Fade away quick."

The bewigged gentleman snatched a hasty squeeze at the young lady's hand. She pulled herself loose and ran daintily up the stairs. He turned and met the leading lady as she emerged from the wings.

Not altogether reassuring was the expression of her face. And so from the four winds of small expediencies he conjured his most appreciative smile, bow, voice, and bearing. "Congratulations, Miss Norton," he said, not without misgivings.

"I wish I could accept them more gratefully, Mr. Richards."

"Yes?" He was all concern.

"You do hurry me so in the tempo of that scene——"

(He gave a sigh of relief.)

"I feel it might just as well be eight or nine curtain-calls for me as four or five. But you—you'll pardon my being quite frank?"

"Oh, do!" pleaded Richards. His was the fervor of a mind temporarily at ease. Blessed were those grievances which made leading ladies inattentive!

"To say the truth, you always rather upset me—you don't mind?"

"By no means. That is—I mean, you must keep on telling me just how wrong I am, until I'm quite all right."

It was a timely feat of extrication which rather outdid itself. Miss Norton, much restored, held forth a febrile, heavily veined hand for him to kiss—offering thereby a reality of which the stage scene they had just finished was an imitation. "Do dine with me to-morrow," she said softly. "To-morrow, at five-thirty, at my apartment. Then we'll patch up our scenes. I think you're sure to get just what I want, eventually."

"You are more than kind." He spoke fervently, restraining an impulse to bite through his under-lip. This invitation meant that he must call off another dinner of two, planned by himself and Miss Beverly—she who had awaited him on the stairway. It was to have been in celebration of Miss Beverly's twentieth birthday, and of something vastly more important involving the solitaire diamond ring in his waistcoat pocket. Both had looked forward to the event for weeks. Now it must be clumsily postponed.

At Miss Norton's dinner and private instruction rehearsal, Richards came, at least, into possession of an interesting item. He learned that Browerton, greatest of producers, had promised to "take in the show" on the following Tuesday. When Browerton made a promise of this sort, he kept it.

"He has always been quite mad about my acting," confided the leading lady. "Now, my secret heart's ambition is to get under his management and have him star me. You must help me to do my best."

"I will do mine," he promised perfunctorily.

There were also other confidences. Miss Norton proffered her opinions regarding various members of the company. They were not marked by any overwhelming enthusiasm. She had also a theory that the entire scheme of understudies for people of her own degree of reputation was wrong.

"Now, look at my understudy," she cited. "That weazeny Inez Beverly. Imagine her going on and doing my part. Were anything ever to happen to me, it would be far better to darken the house for the night. Now, would n't it?"

"I wish I could feel the same way about my own understudy," sighed Richards.

"Tommy Dobbins?"

"Even he. If ever he gets a chance at my part, I'm perfectly sure he'll eat it up."

"Ah! Then, you must be careful he does n't get the chance." Archly the leading lady smiled. Her coquettices were technical, not to say virtuous.

"Oh, we always are—are n't we?" The juvenile lit a cigarette.

But it had really been an excellent dinner; and, having finished his black coffee, he set himself earnestly to the business of getting Miss Norton's ideas on their great love-scene. As made clear by Miss Norton, the facts were simply that he made too much of it. She suggested cuts here and there in his lines; "to get better proportions," as she put it.

He acquiesced in everything. The fact was, she was plucking his part as a thrifty housewife might pluck a goose, but he smiled like a hero. Somewhere back in his head rang one of those quaint maxims, stowed away with memories of his great-grandmother, and her cookies, and caraway seed. It had to do with the relative values of honey and vinegar and house-flies and things.

"But, after all," concluded Miss Norton, "you're a sort of dear. I begin to feel almost as if I'd adopted you."

The young man blushed. Here his diplomacy was quite inadequate, but nature helped him out. Miss Norton liked the blush. It argued his modesty—a quality she particularly adored.

"On the night that Browerton comes to see us," she proceeded, "I should like to feel especially fit. What do you say to a long, long motor ride that afternoon?"

"Did you say Tuesday?" He questioned it with sinking heart.

"Tuesday, oh, yes!"

She spoke his doom. He had explained to Miss Beverly about the dinner to-day. They had set the coming Tuesday as the date of its postponement. His sweetheart was reasonably well balanced, but she was human, and feminine. Plainly, he could not go on explaining such things forever.

"You engage the car," Miss Norton was saying in almost uncanny oblivion of his mental agony. "We'll take a long, long spin, and have our dinner somewhere in the country. We'll time ourselves so as to get back just in time for the performance. Then—ah, then Browerton will see me *act!*!"

Young Mr. Richards's direst forebodings were more than fulfilled. At the second postponement of the birthday and betrothal dinner, Miss Inez Beverly, understudy to Miss Norton (with but a wretched little part of her own), raised the hurricane. He had gauged rightly. The most sensible woman may be too sorely tried. She stormed; she was sarcastic; she dissolved in tears; finally, and worst of all, she froze.

"But what can I do?" moaned the unhappy young man. "What can I do? Both our jobs hang indirectly on our keeping her in a good

humor. And if you can ever get a chance at that part of hers—why, girl, girl, you're just going to——”

He got no further. The young woman had turned her back and left him.

It was tough; no question as to that. He brooded for a full quarter-hour. Then courage came to him out of the circumambient air. He went forth as per directions to engage the car. . . .

The leading lady and the young man she had honored were driven like the wind, by a sphinx of a Scandinavian chauffeur, into a charming and unfamiliar landscape, vaguely described by Richards as “along the Hudson.” He knew of a wonderful wayside inn which they found, up an interminable turnpike, far beyond the beaten confines of joy-riders. The dinner was of the old-fashioned farmhouse variety. The leading lady was enchanted.

On the drive home, the setting October sun sent flat glints of gold, straight as arrows into the heart of crimson branches. Here and there late goldenrod, grown to a man's height, clambered snake-fences. Rich purple flowers arose from amber tangles to salute the scented dusk. The leading lady reached a state of exaltation bordering on the sentimental.

“How I will act to-night!” she said, and spoke of the great enhancement of natural beauties when two souls understood each other. She touched the young man's hand. He limply clasped her own. What else indeed was there to do?

“But the chill of the wind,” she said, shivering slightly. “And how quickly it grows dark! Ah—the melancholy days are on the way, are n't they?”

There followed several reports like the sharp firing of a pistol. The car chewed the road, ground its teeth, groaned like a human being, and came to a dead halt.

Down leaped the sphinx-like Scandinavian at the helm. He clambered all around his car, nosing it inside and out. He crawled beneath it. He emerged white with dust, a luminous figure, irradiated by the light of the rising moon. And, like the true fatalist, he shook his head.

“She not go more. I go to nearest farm-house, and find team, or someding or odder.”

“But how far are we from New York?” The leading lady's voice was a controlled wail, bordering on an inhibited shriek.

“Only fifty mile.”

“And how late is it?”

The Scandinavian shook his head.

“My watch stop,” he said.

“I did n't bring mine,” deplored Richards.

“I fetch team or someding or odder,” reassured the Scandinavian.

And when the October moon was high in the sky, he did return with a rude wagon and two ramshackle horses. They drove or crawled for an hour, to the nearest railroad station, and were informed they might catch the ten-thirty train. The same reached New York shortly after midnight.

"Well," decided the leading lady, very close to hysteria, "at all events, they'll certainly not allow that little Beverly shrimp to try to get through with *my part*. They'll have the common sense, not to say decency, to darken the house. I feel sure of that."

"I certainly hope so," lied the young man lustily. "You see, if Tommy Dobbins ever gets a chance at mine—why I'm done for—that's all!"

The understudy, Miss Inez Beverly, condescended to receive her former betrothed in the parlor of her boarding-house next day at noon. Her iciness was still unthawed.

"Perhaps it may charm you to learn that you are soon to have your Diana all to yourself," she said scathingly. "Browerton has made me an offer for a leading part in his new production."

"I know," nodded crestfallen Richards. "The morning's papers all print your story. You put it all over her, of course—just as I always knew you would, if you ever got the chance."

"But oh, you should have seen Tommy Dobbins's wonderful hit." (She was indeed merciless.) "He played the part as it should be played, you know—not shorn and bob-tailed as you've been doing lately. They say Browerton's making him an offer also."

About Richards the deep gloom was gaining in denseness. Woman intuitive? Who said so? He was learning yet a thing or two more about that . . .

Still she restrained the yearning in her arms.

"So—after all—you did sort of sacrifice yourself, didn't you?"

"All that and then some," modestly admitted the man in question. "I had to pay the amount of two whole weeks' wages to a sordid Scandinavian son of Shem before we even started."

"Arty!"

"And moreover, having lost the chance of a better job with Browerton, I'll probably have to keep right on playing with *her* until the end of time."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," fairly hissed Miss Beverly. "Not if I have to back you through a bad year with half my salary."

"Of course, I might quit and go into business," he meditated.

"Into business?" She laid an inquiring hand on his coat-sleeve.

"Accident insurance!" he smiled.

"NOT IN ACTION, SUH"

By Elizabeth Maury Coombs

WILLIAM GILKISON knew he was not wasting any one's valuable time when, one summer's morning, old Tom Davis came into the barn and brought water for him to mix clay for the colossal group he was preparing to enter in the Gettysburg competition.

Tom Davis's time had not been of much value, save in a sociable way, since one morning after the battle of the Wilderness, when a spent shell had exploded in the camp-fire over which he was preparing a sick comrade's breakfast, and had taken his right arm.

So when sympathetic ones inquired, "Lost your arm in action, sir?" poor old Tom always answered sadly, "No, suh." And nothing more was said. Yet truly he had lost it in the active service of One who once said, "A cup of cold water given in my name." For no comrade was ever ill or wounded but Tom mothered him like a little game hen.

Thus when the war was over he more mothered than fathered his little brood of black-eyed boys and girls, while his wife made the living—a fact which she never let him forget—"from boarders and such-like," he was wont to say.

Now, as there is n't anything such-like unto boarders, people wondered how she did make the rest of the living. Maybe old Tom, or the few people who watched "the old good-for-naught," could have told, seeing him patiently work the garden, holding the hoe with the iron hook that took the place of the hand "not lost in action, suh." These few watchers could have told how he fed the chickens—hovering over the lame ones—but they did n't tell, so most folks knew old Tom for a man whose wife made the living from boarders, and failed to recognize him as "such-like."

Now the black-eyed brood had all disintegrated, and the old man wandered about, for the garden acreage had been narrowed by the high board fences of neighbors, and folks don't like chickens in suburbs. Mrs. Tom Davis, who had always been thinly disguised as a wife—with all the attributes of a good husband—had recently sold half of their lot to advantage, and she now, with the children at work, found more time and money for the church socials, and old Tom more leisure for wandering. Sometimes he sought a few battered old comrades, always glad to talk of the war, which was the only war in history to them. Even with

these, old Tom was always careful to mention the unhonorable way his wound was "come by."

This morning the old fellow had heard what the young artist was at work on in the borrowed barn, and humbly presented himself in the capacity of drawer of water.

"Want any more, suh?" he asked plaintively, the brimming bucket hanging on his "hook hand."

"Not now—maybe at noon," murmured the artist; then, absorbed in his work on the group, he did not notice old Tom quietly waiting, still as any of the roughly blocked out statues, the noon hour when he could bring another bucket.

"Oh, you there again? Pass me that sketch-book, will you?"

Hurriedly turning the leaves, he said to them crossly:

"No—no—no, you won't any of you do. Faces change so with fashions, with times and these wearing latter-day emotions—notice it?" He questioned old Tom for lack of an audience.

"I've been taking these sketches for the past year or so, and they are just rotten for what I want," he complained.

Unconsciously he fixed his eyes on the sympathetic countenance before him, until at last came the realization that he was staring all the time at the actual face he was searching for.

"Why, you've the very features I want—if you only lop off fifty years or so. But these were young men," he sighed, as he turned again to his work.

The old man grimly watched him awhile, then stole away to his gardening, only soon to wander back and wait an interval until the artist paused once more, then he timidly produced a package, and, handing it to Gilkison, said:

"Would—would this be any use to you, suh, as a matter of faces?"

The artist glanced at a battered ambrotype idly, then closer, again at the old man's drawn features, and saw the hawk-eyed young soldier's picture in them, reflected as in some distorting mirror.

"Why, it's you, is n't it?"

"Yas, suh; that is, it were me?"

"You were injured in the Civil War?" came the next question.

"Yas, suh; but not in action, suh—it were only a spent shell."

Gilkison still scrutinized the faded picture, the face in it now peering from it, then entirely eluding the gazer, like a face reflected in running water.

"This is the face I want; but, then, it's only a face, and I wanted a barefooted, lean figure—just such a one," he laughed, "as you had that time your commissary general said he could feed the Army of the Confederate States for four days on a carload of pumpkins."

"Lawdy, ain't I lean and ragged enough?" exclaimed the old man,

snatching from where he had stacked it his old army gun, the C. S. A. in brass letters shining from their daily polishing, not unlike the summer sun at noon.

"Here's how we aimed," he said, striking the attitude of a crouching cat. "Yonder they come—up the hill—through the cornfield! Gawd A'mighty, every blade's a bayonet! Gimme room!"

And the fight was on. Again he was back in battle, his arm raised against his fellow men long mowed down by time, like the corn that once had yellowed on the field of battle.

"Stand like you are," almost commanded the artist. "Stand one minute—that knee a little more forward—there, there, not so much; you're called to *halt*, not to advance. Now you are waiting for them. Wait!"

The old man waited, still as a hunting tiger, with every muscle taut as the strings of a violin; while the artist worked as he had never worked before. Both forgot the hurrying hours, until the sun slipped away from the barn window where he had been turning the dust-motes to gold and fell down the hill. Then the artist stretched himself like one turning over from a long sleep, and the old soldier stumbled forward, exhausted.

Years of nights the old Rebel had told his sons and grandsons the story of the war, out in the moonlight on the little back kitchen porch, and had acted it all out for the better understanding of the children, until acting was second nature with him. Now at last this old actor had his stage, and the moneyless young artist his model, for the wonderful statue group that had moulded his mind and heart, even as he now moulded the clay, all the years of his study. Their hour had come, and in the borrowed barn, with half-bought clay, he worked to make his brain-children breathe, praying as once Pygmalion prayed his love to life.

Every morning came the old Confederate with the water-bucket brimming on his "hook hand," and every day the artist had only to recall some phase—studied up purposely—of the civil fight to start the scent of battle in the nostrils of the old man, and have him assume every feature and posture of the fighter.

Sometimes Gilkison's conscience was troubled at his using even an old ne'er-do-weel for a model day after day without paying him, and once he spoke:

"Mr. Davis, you know people get money for work such as you are doing for me, and—and I have n't any money. This is to compete for a prize. If I win——"

"Never speak of it again, suh," said the Southerner, bristling like a stunted gray kitten. "I came to help you by bringing the water, because—because—well, you know, I was not wounded in action, and I thought this might be something I could do for the South."

"But you are only helping *me*," the young man struck in.

"No, suh; this group of statues will help a many old soldier. Lots of 'em can afford to go to the reunion at Gettysburg; and when they see our group they'll feel life a-stirrin' of their blood again!"

"And I hope they *will* see our group there," smiled the artist, once more optimistic. "And are n't you going, too?" he continued. "It's not as far by rail as it was by shanks' mare, and you know you have never seen my 'Marse Robert on Traveller' that had gone to be cast before you came."

The veteran's eyes glistened mistily. "I was to go—little Johnnie, he's the one as allers loved war tales—an' I'm agoin' ter give him my old gun or bust a hame-string—had allers said as how Grandpap had got to go to one reunion, an' he was gwineter send me; but he's married now, an' got a little place out t' other side o' town. I took him some apple scions that Sunday I was n't here—takes a mighty heap o' money to plant a little place, you know. His wife's a pretty little, hustlin' body, but 'course they need all they kin scrape—jest right now. But, then, I've seed 'most all the group," he went on with forced cheerfulness, "an' that had ought to put a good taste in my mouth. But," he mused, half to himself, "ef so be as I had *two* arms, I'd give one to see Marse Robert an' ole Traveller. Law, seems like I kin see him now, yonder, up top o' the hill, jes' 'most splittin' ter give his staff the slip an' git down with us, whar the fightin's good an' thick!"

Davis struck the attitude of the soldier who sees his general, and the artist held him to it by commanding him to halt. The old man's arms were raised; only his lips moved, almost as in prayer.

All the hours of the morning in the great hay-perfumed spaces of the barn they worked, and at last the group was done.

Early in the morning after the night the committee had met, the artist once more sought the barn. It was a quiet Sunday, and he was startled to find at the foot of the group old Tom Davis, fast asleep on a truss of hay.

"Just the one figure to make it perfect," muttered Gilkison. "I knew it needed something."

Snatching his sketch-book, he drew glutonously, ashamed and yet gloating through all his artistic soul that the sleep of the old is like the mother of death. The old fellow slept long, and in the early morning hours Gilkison moulded all the listless figure that was to lie at the base of the great group.

When Davis waked, it was to say with conviction, "She took the prize."

"Sure!" exclaimed the artist-boy. "But how did you know?"

"I dreamt it. I laid down here when you left last night—I knowed you'd come out to tell the group fust thing in the mornin'—an' I must 'a' went to sleep a minute," he continued with the reluctance of the old

to acknowledge even a "cat-nap." "But I seed 'em unveilin' *ours* on the field o' Gettysburg—me an' my breast-friend, my ole war-pardner, Jim—you know him—I seed us jest as plain—well, suh, jest as plain as we is, seed us a-marchin' by; an' behin' us—who you reckon was? Two Yanks in blue—right nice-lookin' fellows, too. Says I, 'Boys, when you all *use* be behind us, I was a heap more skittish of you than I be now;' an' they laughed fit to bust. An' me an' Jim laughed an' we cried with them Yanks, an' all the bands was playin'. An' banners! Whoopee, son, you ain't nuvver *see* sich a flappin' o' fringes 'ginst Gawd's blue sky!

"When the last say is said, son," he resumed, after a moment of quiet, "them thar ole Stars an' Stripes ain't nobody's ugly flag. Rebs was a-cheerin', Yanks was a-cheerin', guns was a-firin'. Says I to my pardner, 'Jim, listen to the lion an' the lamb blazin' away together!' An' me an' Jim each had a new suit at one an' the same time—a circumstance which ain't occurred sence wife cut down one o' the boys' old ones for me, an' I give my old one to Jim, which made 'em both new ones to *us*. An', son, I seed Marse Robert, jest as natu'l, settin' thar on Traveller jest like he had been born on him. But," the old man ended lamely, "I s'pect that part o' my dream—that 'bout me an' Jim bein' thar—wa'n't dreamt true, 'cause he's in the Soldiers' Home. I was to see him last night, an' we was talkin' 'bout the reunion; an' when we come to count up what we had between us it measured up to a dollar an' sixty-seven cents."

"Grandpap," said a voice at the door, "where have you been? I've been looking every old where for you! And," Johnnie's little wife went on, having heard Grandpap's conversation with the artist, and it having made her forget all the many things needed in the new home, "we want you to come out and spend the day with us, so John can talk over the trip he's going to give you to the reunion at Gettysburg."

"Glory be!" exclaimed the old man; then his face fell. "Jim—" he murmured.

"Jim's going, too," said the artist. "Don't you remember our group took the prize? And your model money is just about due."



SYMBOLS

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

NOT in the gifts we give great value lies.
They are but symbols of our inner thought:
A rose can lift a heart up to the skies;
The earth's heaped golden treasure be as nought.

A LITTLE WHILE

By Emily Newell Blair

*

For surely it is something to have been
The best beloved for a little while;
To have walked hand in hand with love and seen
His scarlet wings fit once across thy smile.

—Oscar Wilde

IT was all over. He had returned to the empty house—a house of silence. He sat down at the empty desk—her desk—and looked hungrily about the room. The brightness had gone with her. He felt for the first time a full realization of his terrible loss, of the utter emptiness of all things. If he could only have one word from her! His heart cried out that desire until he began to wonder if, after all, there could be anything in the idea she had sometimes expressed, that spirits must know what is in the hearts of those left behind.

He lifted the lid of her desk, the desk he had so carefully cleared out that very morning. He started back with a distinct shock. There lay a square white envelope addressed in Laila's peculiar scrawl, a letter which seemed to have dropped from invisible space. He tore it open feverishly and read:

I suppose, Gene dear, I may be called a sort of ex-wife. The marriage was binding only until "death do us part," you know, and it always has seemed a pity that such a healthy, practical relation as marriage should, as soon as the contract that produced it is null and void, be embalmed by memory into such a sentimental, unreal myth. Now, that is why I think that this letter will do me good: it will keep me as a wife-deceased just what I was as a wife-alive, a real, natural woman and not a sort of hybrid angel. It will do you good, because grief, like fear, disappears when subjected to analysis or explanation. Of course I want you to miss me, even to regret my absence just as much as you did when I was away last summer, but there's no more reason for you to grieve now that you can hear from me than there would be in having hydrophobia after taking the Pasteur treatment.

Now, Dear, don't think me sacrilegious, or that I don't appreciate how much you cared for me, or that I deprecate our happiness together. If I didn't know exactly to a feather's weight how much you cared, I'd never go to all this trouble to save you from grieving. Think a minute—in the case of other widowers, have the most grieving been the most loving? You know that they have not. Often they were

grieving for their very lack of love, for self-pity, or because it was too late to love.

I'm not changed much, Gene, only my love now has understanding added to it. Always remember that. It may make things easier for you. And I must confess, too, why I didn't tell you that Dr. Gibbs said my old heart was liable to leak any day. It was wholly selfish of me, Dear, but surely you will forgive a little selfishness now. I'm confessing just as I used to put off telling you about my overdraft until I was away and you too lonesome for me to scold about it. If this trouble of mine meant cutting short our time together (though the doctor said I might live for years), I couldn't bear to spoil our little while together by being an invalid and shut off from half the joy of living. I wanted the whole apple or none, and I knew that you would make me be so careful that I'd get only the core. Suppose I did cheat you of a few farewells. Between lovers, they are only to pay up deficits and strike a balance. We were always square. Now that the account is closed, there is no harm in saying so.

I had no instructions to give. I can trust your judgment in everything, even to the rearing of my boy. Do you realize all that it means for a mother to do that? In that trust, speak all my love and faith. But if anything should come up, you would always have Mother and Caroline to turn to.

Ever faithfully yours,

LAILA

"Laila! Laila!" His thin lips trembled under the short black mustache. "How like you!" Now that her love had leaped across the chasm to arrest his emotion, it was not possible to feel with such intensity that she was really gone.

The next morning his tall, soldier-like figure went bravely at its fight. Yet the evenings too often conquered him, and the aching in his breast would provoke the womanish tears which so undermined his self-respect. Then he would take out Laila's letter to banish the sense of separation.

These evenings never began until late—the boy or guests claiming the early evening—and they lasted until far into the morning. Day duties suffered from the resulting loss of sleep, from the slack will-power, from too much weeping. Even Laila's mother's lecture on the selfishness of his grief, and Caroline's gentle urging, failed to rouse him.

Then one night as he retired at the hour when reason slumbers he was startled to see a white envelope propped against his mirror. The letter began with the joke name of their friendship days, before love had been named between them.

Blyncken, I hear that you are not just fit in a business way. Now, that's a great mistake. Of course you are upset, and of course you find it hard to take hold as before. But you know you've got to live—no way out of it—and you must live, completely, fully. You must not lose your grip on your environment there. *Must not!* Do you under-

stand? If your duty to yourself does not furnish motive power to make you take hold with intenseness, there is another reason for doing it: for my sake. I don't say that tritely, Dear. I mean it in a deeper than a sentimental sense. It's this way: I'm gone, bag and baggage, from your world. All I have left there is my influence on your life. Now, if I did you any good, if my influence was a vital thing, it will urge you on now to strength, to power, to the expression of the good in you. For the sake of my effect on you, for the sake of making my world work of some avail, to prove me a success, you will get up tomorrow resolved to live as fully, as energetically, as if I had never left you.

Don't lie awake all night thinking of me. Foolish man, cut that out. You've nothing to regret and you've nothing to cling to, either. That way lies inertia and the only real death—that of wasted living.

Oh, Blynken dear, you don't know how I pray that I may have left you inspiration. I was put there beside you for a little while to do you good. Here, in my world, I shall be ashamed of my failure if you show that instead of girding you for battle I sheared you of your strength and left you weaker than I found you. My account with your world is not closed nor will be if you bury the talents the Master bid me invest in you. Oh, Man Dear, you've never failed me. You won't leave me now with a dreadful deficit that I must come back to earth to pay. Get up, Gene, up and out of self, for my sake.

L.

He sat as still as if she had spoken from the blackness that had seemed to swallow her. Then he looked himself in the face. "She's right," he muttered, "quite right—but how"—he found his heart fluttering nervously—"how could she know?" Thereafter, while he tried to obey her in performing day-time duties, the question haunted him: "How did she know?" Oh, yes, there was no doubt it was Laila's letter, her writing and her phrasing. But somehow he could never force himself to mention these letters either to her mother or her sister.

The whole thing seemed past man's belief, and yet he understood dimly that, whatever the miracle by which it had happened, her thoughts, deathless, had flown to heal him. In that knowledge he wrapped himself henceforth as in a sort of negative peace, feeling that, in possessing her thoughts, he must possess her. He contented himself with this companionship of letters as if she were only on a long journey. In short, this idea of spiritual, mental comradeship got hold of him until it affected his drowned emotions as opium does the mind, and he passed a winter of physical inertia and mental sluggishness.

During the spring house-cleaning he purposely absented himself lest the ordeal might cause him to lose the calm he had gained, but, alas, when he returned, he found pictures, books, ornaments, out of the places Laila had designed them for, and the house robbed entirely of her touch. He prowled about the house, upset and disconsolate, hunting some books he had planned to read—some books that Laila had

recommended to him the year before. At last he found them, set back on a corner of the most remote book-case, in a little stand that belonged to a special edition of Shakespeare in which Laila had specially delighted. Lifting his book, he noticed the end of an envelope peeping out from its next-door neighbor. With a joyous exclamation, he jerked it out.

The particular purpose of this note is to advise you to go down to the Club and have a game of billiards. After that, take a hand at whist.

Once again, Blyneken dear, let me urge you to be sensible. Don't you realize that I am gone, and thinking will not hold me there, not even as an everlasting green memory? I am alive, growing, overcoming, half-bad and a little good, erring and being sorry for it, learning—but all some place removed from you. Why, the Real Me is marching on, you know, chameleon-like in its changeableness of appearance. Don't try to fasten me down in your memory to the figure that represented me a little while with you. That would be like taking my baby picture and calling it the resemblance of me at thirty-two.

Go, Dear, this minute, where there is companionship of a breathing kind. There is plenty of it at your disposal. Besides the Club and the gymnasium, there are the friends whom you have so neglected, and there are always Mother and Caroline, who will help you to fill an empty evening. Have you forgotten that they miss me, too?

The curtness of this letter snapped in two the bond of memory he had striven to forge. In a month's time he was following its advice. He joined the gymnasium classes, he took the boy on a short summer trip, he made calls, he was appreciative of her mother's and Caroline's interest and hospitality. The reaction back to human companionship was, in fact, so sharp that it invigorated him like an ice-water shower. As before he had hugged his house, so now he fled from it, and when the boy's grandmother begged for a week's visit during the housekeeper's vacation, he asked to share the invitation. Life began almost to bud once more, so vigorous is Nature's instinct for flower and fruit.

In the autumn, however, when Nature's bridal draperies of leaf and petal fell off, life again seemed black and drear to him. The housekeeper irritated him; Maynard seemed more aggressive in demands that he, mere man, could not satisfy; the house seemed to have been changed by some atmospheric upheaval. It was no longer animated by Laila's spirit; it had become a hollow shell of wood and paper, plaster and cloth.

He read Laila's notes often, but when a tear fell on them he knew it was mostly for self-pity, and, knowing it, he flushed. Their reading only reiterated the question, "Where can she be and how does she know?"

He welcomed the opening of the social season as another diversion with which to evade loneliness. "It certainly is good of Mother and Caroline to go with me," he murmured one night as he returned from taking them to a club dance. "It would be harder to go alone." And he thrust his hand in his dress-coat pocket to get the handkerchief that

suddenly became needful. His shoulders flinched, for his fingers had touched a stiff, square envelope. The uncanniness of its hiding place set him shuddering again. "Ah, words—words," he muttered. "I want her living, warm." Yet he sat down at once to read it.

So glad that you are going out again! I should not have waited much longer without suggesting it to you—the dancing—yet it is better that the need for my suggestions grows less. Poor Boy! You are on the borderland now. You feel half grieved that you do not grieve more. Don't feel that way! You have no basis for grief—so I've told you again and again—and it is not disloyal to me that you can take Carrie to the dance and laugh at her quaint remarks about people and things. It's simply a sign of your renewed mental and emotional health, and I rejoice, truly rejoice, to see it. Do it again, but each time that you do don't think it necessary to go riding out to the cemetery with a bunch of hot-house flowers to placate that memory of me. I'm not there, Blyncken, any more than I'm in your heart. Now, don't start indignantly. I know that you think I am, but if I were, would I, for a second, permit that start of pleasant comfort when Carrie smiles up at you with that adoring expression? Would I let her pretty understanding remain with you through all the lonely hours, a tempting suggestion of what might be? No, Blyncken, I'm not in your heart, because, so far as you are concerned, I am dead. You have tried faithfully to keep a picture of me there, but a picture is not I. I could n't be there and here, too. Have I ever in these letters appealed to your heart or used any words that would lead you to think that I might regard it as my vacant or closed-up property? No, I gave you back the key just as soon as I left it. You know the parable of the ten devils and the empty house? You had better get a tenant, Man, and don't think you need make excuses to me, because I understand.

You're a normal, healthy, natural man; I'm a disembodied spirit. How could I have any claim on you? No, Man, you are all well again, all human, all in your own world—don't be ashamed or sorrowful because of it.

"Deeda, Deeda!" A great wave of tenderness submerged him. "Such love, such generosity, I don't deserve. I'm not worthy of it." His lips trembled. "Oh, Laila, if only you had not left me! I need you so!" he called to the mocking silence. But even his tenderness could frame nothing more than that cry. The chasm between them had widened so far that even thoughts could not bridge it. He picked up the paper and read it again. No use—it did not bring her nearer. "Laila, Laila!" This time the whisper was a benediction. "So dear, so generous, so free-hearted, so—so like—like Carrie—" He flushed. "Is she right? Do I—but I did not, did not then," he protested aloud. Then he was ashamed of his own suspicion. "Yet how can she know?" He thought. "I must find out about those letters. It—it can't be the unthinkable—that eastern stuff she was always dabbling in. Indeed, I must find out."

He determined to ask her mother the very next day. But when the morrow came, something held him silent, something like a white hand on his lips. He tried again. It was only after his fifth effort that it came to him mistily, as a man gathers such impressions, that he must never ask her. Better to believe the unthinkable. Laila had wished it so. And how could he ever explain?

And the question to Carrie, too, was hard to put, even though he now had the freedom to ask—the old, old question that needs no words—only a pressure, only a look, a catch in the voice, and yet is the hardest to ask because it requires such egotism in the asking, such abnegation in the answering. But the night he had his answer, life blossomed for him again, and when he entered the house that had become once more the castle of his hopes he found that some one, almost prophetically, had flooded it with flowers.

On his pillow lay the half-expected letter. He opened it with solemn reverence:

And this is for congratulations and farewell. I have wooed you out of grief and into happiness and to companionship again, normal, human companionship, and now I must go on.

I'm glad, so glad, to leave you so! In every way I'm glad—glad that you are in love, glad that Carrie stirs in you the hopes of youth and the desires of manhood, satisfies your need for sympathy and understanding, offers you the adoration of the girl sweetheart, and pours on you the devotion of the woman—wife—glad, indeed, that your life is so mended that no scar remains.

You will have a big, full life ahead of you there, as I have a big, full life here. I leave you happy, and I go—content, knowing that if there is any tie between our souls that calls for further mating, it shall come; and if there be none, I will not desire it. If you should be my soul-mate, Eugene, I could not lose you, for nothing—years, nor Carrie, nor any other person, nor heaven, nor hell—could keep us long apart. But if you are not, how could I wish to keep you from your own. Though we dwelt for a little while in a pleasant relationship with unacknowledged souls, we may be "only fellow mortals, naught beside." If that be all, God bless you, and good-by.

But, oh, Man Dear, if—if, delayed through more lives yet, across many worlds, past the ages, you should want me and—and find me, it would be Heaven!

It sounded to the man who read it like a voice from afar off. "Laila dear! Dear Laila, how she understands! Ah, these women!"

He shook his head as if, not comprehending their mystery, he would put it from him as unsolvable. After all, was not woman's love always sacramental in its very nature, transcendent, divine, never to be understood by any man? Enough to receive it, now or hereafter, and—be thankful.

GRACE AND DISGRACE

By Augusta Kortrecht

Author of "A Dixie Rose in Bloom," etc.

IT chanced that I was a wonderful child for ten years old. Why, even our old colored nurse, who never spoke a pleasant truth if she could think up a disagreeable one instead, admitted that, while the Good-Lord had failed to make me pretty, He had made me powerful smart; and therefore nobody felt surprised when I was chosen at school to represent the primary division in the great November exhibition. I was given that thrilling childhood theme, "Hiawatha," and the speeding autumn saw me buried alive in a fat volume of the poets. One October afternoon my father's voice broke in on these meditations.

"Where's little Ellen?" he asked; then went on before I could show myself: "The Lowery estate is settled at last, and I must ask Ellen—"

Mother's laugh fell on my eavesdropping ears. "My dear Mr. Abercrombie," she said, "accustomed as I am to the eccentricities of genius and of judges—what interest can our lambkin have in that poor unhappy man's estate?"

There was a slight hesitation before the answer came: "You won't approve, Alice, but what could I do? They have appointed me guardian of the Lowery girl. Grace her name is, barely fifteen and such a wistful-looking child. Really, I hope you will be fond of her—"

Again my mother interrupted, but this time without laughter: "You mean the girl is coming here—to us? The daughter of that wicked—Oh, we can't— Think of the force of heredity—what she must inevitably be—"

"That's the very point," said Father gravely. "Somebody must save her, and it appears to have been given to us. So much money makes her a temptation for any scamp that happens along. Already there was one fellow, but they got him out of town."

Mother shook her head, and our nurse, arriving just then with my brother Charce, plunged uninvited into the discussion. "Huh!" she snorted. "Forever an' ever ingratiatin' trouble! Ain't we-all done had our bait er orphums? Ain't Ellen sufferin' f'om kinks enough already, let alone you settin' bad example right into her very midst? Ever'body know dem Lowerys dess chuck full er bad blood thoo an' thoo, squz down an' runnin' over!"

Remembering this description next day—we were waiting on the front porch to receive our guest—I tingled with delicious curiosity in all my sleek, plump body. Many and many a time it had been explained to me how the bad blood flowed back to my heart in unobtrusive veins devoted to that humble purpose. The same was true of every person in our set; but this new-comer was *chuck full* of impure blood, and all her family had been thus afflicted! She was going to be blue all over, like a horrid, nasty bruise! Eagerly I searched the slight figure coming up the walk by Father's side!

But for once Aunt Mandy was mistaken. Grace Lowery had no bad blood in her at all—if skin told tales. She was a peculiarly colorless girl to look at. Her face was white without being unwholesome; her hair was blonde without a touch of gold; her eyes were the palest possible brown; and there was about her an air of spotless frailty that was appealing.

Despite Aunt Mandy's continued warnings, Grace soon became the idol of the house of Abercrombie. Everything she did was charming. Everything she possessed seemed more desirable than the belongings of other people. Her very handkerchiefs, though they were squeezed through wash-tub and wringer bunched intimately with mine, once in her hand looked snowy and unutterably chaste. Everything she touched took on a faint perfume. She was a silent creature, but she listened to all who chose to talk, from time to time bestowing a smile that was sweetly plaintive.

It was when our visitor had been some two weeks with us that an odd thing occurred. I, phlegmatic Ellen, began unaccountably to pine. Mother was first to discover that pining had set in, suspecting the worst when I refused cherry pudding for dessert, but she did not notice that my refusal was the consequence of a certain remark of Grace's. It was, in fact, directly after I heard that Mabel Carson was to spend the afternoon. I did not like Mabel Carson, because Grace did; and, moreover, Grace had promised to help me with "Hiawatha" that very Saturday holiday! She had forgotten me, and I felt strangely distressed.

Mother was going out with Charse, but she bade me do no more work on my essay, and to play in the garden until she got home and had time to think. For some fifteen minutes I played soberly among the late roses and chrysanthemums, then a very chilly wind puffed about me. Surely Mother would not wish me to catch a cold. I gazed wistfully up at Grace's window. She was up there with Mabel, and I was an outcast in the garden, unloved and unremembered! I simply could not endure the torture. I sauntered into the house and crept up the stairs, to Grace's open door, where I peeped in.

There they sat side by side at the centre table, their heads bent close together, and one of them was reading aloud from a book they held

between them. Oh, how I loved the sound of words flowing sonorously from human lips! Outside, the wind blew more and more wildly; a low seat just within the door invited me, and, crouching down, I strained my ears to listen. Page after page came to me in soft monotone. Occasionally I missed a word, and presently realized that it must be the same word I missed each time. Of course, my wonder was pricked to new and greater burning. Why did Grace mumble one particular syllable at intervals, and what could that syllable be?

The words I did hear were fine: For instance this: "The gloriously-glittering creature laughed and tossed her tawny head; but he, the heart-fear in his eyes, cried out, 'Ah, you have been their model!'"

There was that baffling word soon after! Grace dropped her voice to an awestruck gasp, but I stole closer and gave a quick glance at the book's brown paper cover with the title written in neat letters. It was "A Common Grammar"!

The two girls were too much absorbed to notice me, but my joy was done, for suddenly Aunt Mandy popped without warning through the door and swooped down upon me.

"You Ellen Abercrombie," she fumed, "ef yo' angry passions ain't got you sizzlin' up, yo' laziness is bound to git you settin' somewhar a-moonin'. How-come you ain't playin' in de Good-Gawd's sunshine?"

I dared not resist, for our nurse held the vested power of putting-to-bed-by-daylight; and I was accordingly led back to the magnolia trees and advised to hop, skip, and be merry. As I obeyed, my mind fairly fermented with desire for knowledge. What was the word Grace skipped and mumbled? It was a *little* word. Therefore it could not belong to arithmetic nor geography.

That night my parents went off to the opera, and Aunt Mandy, leaving us children for dead asleep, betook herself downstairs. Charce was in dreamland, but my excellent memory tormented me and would not let me rest. What could make heart-fear burn in anybody's eyes? There was another weight upon me. Grace had gone to spend the night with Mabel Carson, not even saying good-by! All at once a new thought came, a bold thought that moved me as if it had been volcanic violence instead of mere brain-suggestion. Next moment I was on my way, barefoot and white-robed, to the guest-room.

I needed no further light than the one shining from the hall, for I knew where Grace kept her school-books. They were in a tidy row upon a shelf, and were covered uniformly in brown paper with precise labelling across the backs. I tiptoed over and took down "A Common Grammar." The pages were printed clear and black, and they expounded exactly what was meant by nouns and pronouns. I saw nothing about a tawny lady, and presently, with a sickening sense of failure, I replaced the volume and looked about.

The sight of Grace's top bureau-drawer caused me to feel hungry. She often kept chocolate in there. I pulled the drawer open and plunged my hand into the depth of ribbons, gloves, and neckwear, groping until I found something flat. When I drew it forth, however, it was not a box of candy; it was another "Common Grammar"!

I carried it to the door, where I could see. Never before was "A Common Grammar" so gorgeously adorned; never before had "A Common Grammar" so seductive a frontispiece! The picture was in colors, and showed a gentleman and a lady! He seemed pathetically young, and his face was contorted as if with toothache, but the tawny lady was oblivious to his suffering. She was going to a party, for she wore a low-necked dress, and upon her forehead there shone a star.

Half-way through the book a photograph marked the place. I knew the face well. It was the new young man at the stationery shop, where Grace often took me for school supplies—a friendly person, never too busy to help put the neat paper covers on the books she bought.

I soon found the word which Grace had whispered. It was a little word, as I had thought, and the tawny lady considered it a necessary part of art. Without that word, the tawny lady declared, there could be no art in its truest sense. I knew all about art, because the girl across our street painted lovely china, and I had watched her. The shutting of a door below sent the book back into the drawer—not very well concealed, I remembered later—and me to bed.

During the next few days I brooded so silently over my bit of stolen knowledge that Mother was sure the pining had taken serious form—malaria most likely—and gave me quinine capsules. I pondered that little word without getting even a glimmer of its meaning. It sounded like *new*, but it was n't new at all. Finally there came an idea of how I might put my acquisition to use. I was very tired of "Hiawatha." Suppose I wrote a composition on the necessary branch of art, and surprised my mother with it! Shyly I consulted Grace on the ethics of the case.

"Is fooling anybody the same as telling lies?" I asked.

Instead of answering at once, she searched me out of her pale eyes, and when she spoke her voice was as velvety as cream.

"You can't fool me," she said. "I knew all along it was you went poking into my bureau. I'm going to tell your mother on you."

Now, I was especially sensitive about having my misdeeds reported to my mother. It was not so much punishment that galled me, as the loss of her esteem, and if Grace had actually struck me, the blow would not have hurt as did this threat. My eyes filled with tears.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she added: "I won't tell for a week, and see. But you've got to do everything I say, and never blab."

"I will," I answered earnestly. "I'll sharpen your pencils, and

I'll buy you dill pickles when I walk to school and save my car-fare. I will."

It transpired, however, that my labors were nothing more than carrying secret notes to the bookshop clerk, and bringing back his answers; and as Father had decided to send his ward to a Canadian school some time, I believed this correspondence to be of an educational nature. Her own affairs once settled, Grace was very kind about my second essay. She helped me with it, laughing in silent paroxysms whenever I read aloud to her my effusion about the little word from "A Common Grammar." She bound me to secrecy by all the oaths a big girl may lay upon a younger, and, that backsliding might be impossible, she destroyed the "Hiawatha" paper.

The exhibition was to take place on a Friday morning, and all the world of fashion was to be there, mingling with the world of letters and of art. Father had adjourned court in order to hear me read; Mother was going to be there in black velvet, unless it rained; even the Reverend Doctor Doane, our new rector from the East, had announced his intention of visiting the seminary that morning, and, although his thoughts were rarely on things of earth, I gathered from Mother's remarks that he would be proud because the dark child with the brilliant mind belonged to his parish and not to that of Trinity.

But beyond the exhibition there loomed one shadow. Father was to take Grace away to Canada the very next day, and our whole household—Aunt Mandy excepted—felt the void her going would make.

On Thursday night my parents came into the nursery to look at us, and a conversation, begun outside, was finished in reach of my half-waking ears.

"It's a mistake," said Father. "Miss Allen should not let the child present something no older person has examined."

"Oh," cried Mother, "you don't understand! I have read it myself, of course. It is a good piece of work on 'Hiawatha,' and Ellen copied it for the last time days ago, and put it away. If Doctor Doane imagines that his boy—just because of the Boston school—"'

"Alice, I look forward to much true happiness from Ellen. She has such sterling qualities. She rings so true."

I became hot and uncomfortable even in my drowsiness. Was deceiving Mother ringing true? The real essay was torn to fragments, and to one of her inquiries I had actually lied! It was the very first time I had ever lied, and somehow the horror of it overcame me as I lay there in bed. After they were gone, I fell to sobbing, and so slept at last, ashamed and weak.

But with the morning my pride returned. How delicious it would be to hear the honeyed words of praise my composition would bring forth! No other little girl could write as Ellen Abercrombie did! Even thought

of Grace had cooled before the feverish fire of vanity flaming in my heart. My interest was entirely on myself, and I heard unmoved that Grace was ill in bed. I did not care. There would be many others to applaud my triumph.

I had in my possession a tiny note which Grace had given me for the bookshop man, and which I was to deliver on the way to school. She said it was important, and that she would surely tell about the candy from her drawer if I forgot; but when I looked into the paper I found the simple words, "Ten instead of eleven!" I marvelled that she could put her mind on arithmetic when the exhibition was at hand, but I had no thought of not doing her will.

As I was starting off, dressed in embroidered mull with a blue sash, Mother called me to her.

"I hear that Mrs. Windsor and Effie have just come home," she said. "Would you like them to hear your composition, little daughter?"

"Oh, Mother!" That was my reply, and nothing further appeared necessary, for Mother smiled and kissed my flushed cheek.

"Then, stop by and give Mrs. Windsor this note," she bade me.

This new errand would take me far afield from the bookshop, and there was not time for both. On the pavement outside I paused and weighed the matter. I wished to serve Grace; but to see another wondering face upturned before me while I read my essay! I wheeled toward the Windsor house, and as I walked along I tore Grace's mathematics into hopeless atoms.

The seminary had changed into a flower-show, with rows and rows of girls in fluttering ribbons. Excitement was in the air, and guests were on the platform. The Reverend Doctor Doane had with him a stiff little boy in spectacles. Mother was finer than any other lady, because it had not rained, and her velvet dress was from a French *madame* in New Orleans. The performance began in a hum of pleasure.

Somebody gave a tiresome recitation. Somebody else played a weary time on the piano. I was third, and before the musician had risen I made my way to the platform and gave out my title. I simply could not wait another minute. How often Grace had drilled me, telling me just where to lift my chubby hand in gesture! I had no suspicion of her, and I spoke in utter innocence:

"The Basis of All Art—the Nude!"

The annoying girl at the piano had not really finished. A crashing chord drowned out my voice, so that no person present heard. I was too impatient to waste time in repetition, and, only waiting for perfect stillness, I plunged into the body of my treatise:

"Art is like a great candelabrum with many branches, such as china-painting and—"

Mother, sitting just behind me, gave a gasp of disbelief. I was

consumed with desire to see her face. She would be speechless when she knew the heights and depths of her daughter's knowledge. And I but ten years old! I took new breath.

"China-painting, oils, and water-color, and in the estimation of some people also photographs, although I do not agree. But at the very top is the noblest basis of it all, gloriously glittering, the study of the—"

I could not resist. As I approached my dénouement I turned from the sea of flowery girls to the visitors on the platform. I must see Father and Mother when I pronounced that baffling little word.

"Gloriously glittering," I insisted on my highest key, "the study of the nude!"

My poor mother screamed. My stately father scowled and rose from his chair to seize me. But in the very instant of my hurling these melodramatics at them fresh wonders appeared. A huge form blocked the doorway, then rolled up the platform steps. It was Aunt Mandy, and she pointed accusing finger toward my parents.

"Ain't I done warn you in my wisdom?" she panted. "You can't say but what you brung it on yo'se'f!"

Mother ran to her and shook the calico-covered arm. "Tell me the worst," she begged. "Is Grace—dead?"

"Huh!" I had never heard Aunt Mandy grunt like that; I feared she might burst and leave us ignorant of her tidings. "Ef 't was only daid, you might thank de Good-Lawd. Dyin's too superhuman for some folks. No, 'm, she ain't daid, not by a jugful! Dat Lowery gal's half-way across Wolf River bottom by now, an' she'd be plumb off ef dat wall-eyed, snub-nosed ijot fom de book-sto' had n't a-come a hour too late. De Good-Lawd know what kep' him back."

I knew, too! That little note which had said, "Ten instead of eleven." The pleasant young man in the bookshop had not received instructions. Aunt Mandy turned, and, throwing her arms about me, began to weep as if in some way I were hurt.

"Is she done make you tell lies, honey?" she wailed. "My little lamb, what was always innocent as de angels an' cherrybims!"

Father had hurried off, and Doctor Doane after him, leaving the boy with us. Miss Allen excused me, and we went home. It was late that afternoon when Mother drew me to her and looked long into my eyes.

"Has it done you any harm, little daughter?" she asked. I might have thought she referred to a bruise on my well-kept body, but I made no such mistake. In some vague way, I knew I had been close to danger and had been snatched back. I put both arms around Mother's neck and pressed myself against her breast.

"I'm all right," I told her.

She stroked my face with a very tender touch, and presently I got courage to whisper:

"Mother, what is a nude?"

"You must n't say it, dearest. You must forget you ever heard it, and—"

Aunt Mandy brought in a telegram, and Mother considered me worthy to read it after her. It ran like this:

Overtook travellers. Start for Canada from here. Have written.



SYMPATHY

BY ELLA SOLLENBERGER

AMIDST a peopled loneliness,
The burning prescience I possess,
Like sudden sun in grayness drear,
Clear consciousness that thou art near,
Ere floodgates of the soul arise
In cognizance of meeting eyes.
To thee, released and unafraid,
The thought goes forth, but half essayed,
Anticipated in its flight,
To greet in turn with keen delight
Thy rare, unfettered subtlety,
Bestowed without excuse or plea
From hidden place of mind or mood
Accredited and understood;
For what thy heart or nature wills
The tenor of my own fulfills,
And alien judgment cannot mar—
I know—thou knowest, what we are.

"'TWEEN NIGHT AN' MORNIN'"

By Gertrude S. Mathews and John L. Mathews

"Y'know," Gran'ther would begin, "my gran'ther always said that his friend Paul Revere wa'n't just such a fiery sort as some would have you believe. He was kind o' deliberate, Paul was, but sot when he got an idea. An' he could hold two ideas in his head at a time. When he come out here to Lexin'ton that time, he had two: one was to wake the farmers in Middlesex, and the other was to warn Hancock and Adams, who was at Mr. Clarke's house."

Like the slow, radiating ripples after the swift descent of a pebble into a pool, is the father-to-son tradition of a dramatic occurrence. As we all well knew, Gran'ther's detailed, gossipy, spreading, slow-pulsed account was not inconsistent with history, but there were never outworn elements of delight in the contrast between the poetic feeling which visualized, as expressed in the galloping rhythm of "The Landlord's Tale," an heroic, sweeping dash from Boston to Concord, and Great-gran'ther's first-hand, homely, commonplace illumination of the halting, neighborly procedure in Lexington on that famous midnight ride.

"Mr. Clarke was the minister here then, an' one reason Mr. Hancock was stayin' there was that Dorothy Quincy was makin' a visit. In Boston just then the Redcuts was so hungry to catch John Hancock and Sam Adams that they did n't dare show their heads. Why, even the next fall, when he married Dorothy Quincy, Mr. Hancock had to take his honeymoon in hidin', for the British soldiers was so plainly after him that they used to sing in the very streets o' Boston:

" Yankee Doodle come to town
For to buy a firelock.
We will tar an' feather him,
An' so we will John Hancock.

"Folks said King George would n't pardon either him or Adams, an' they had another piece they used to sing about them that went:

" And for the King, and that John Hancock
And Adams, if they're taken,
Their heads for signs shall hang up high
Upon the hill called Beacon.

" Well, they was stayin', as I said, at Mr. Clarke's, an' not only them, but Hancock's aunt, the one they called Madame Hancock, and Dorothy Quincy with her. Gran'ther lived right near 'em. 'Tween night an' mornin', Gran'ther, havin' had a queer dream that he had left the oat-bin open an' the colt had got in an' foundered herself, got up an' dressed an' went out to see. As he was comin' back to the house, he heard a horse comin' in somethin' of a hurry along the road, so he went out front to see what's up. There was Paul, and when he told him the news Gran'ther went along afoot behind Paul to help stir folks up. When he got to Parson Clarke's, there was Paul poundin' on the side of the house with a board. In those old times that was the common way when they did n't hear the knocker, because it makes such a racket in the house.

" Parson Clarke got up an' opened his window an' stuck his nightcap out an' called:

" ' Who's that out there makin' all that noise? '

" ' It's me, Mr. Clarke, it's Paul Revere,' says he, out o' the shadow o' the big elm.

" ' Goodness gracious, Paul! ' says Parson Clarke. ' What you doin' out here this time o' night? '

" ' Them Redcuts is a-comin', Mr. Clarke,' says Paul. ' Y' better git Mr. Adams and Mr. Hancock out o' here.'

" ' Paul! ' says Mr. Clarke, real cross. ' You ought n't to talk so loud an' make so much noise.'

" ' Noise! ' says Paul back at him. ' You'll have noise enough before long, when the Redcuts git here.'

" Just then Mr. Hancock stuck his head out of the next window to Parson Clarke's, an' says, ' Why, Paul, I thought I knew your voice,' he says. ' What you doin' out here this time o' the mornin'? '

" ' The Redcuts is comin' fast,' says Paul, very polite. ' You better git out o' the way an' hide somewhere,' he says.

" Mr. Hancock disappeared, an' we could hear him in a minute beatin' on a door an' sayin', ' Aunt, get up! The Regulars are coming.' And then he pounds some more, an' says, ' Dorothy, my love, git up an' dress, for the British are comin'. I'm goin' to git my sword an' go into the fight,' he says.

" ' Oh, no! ' she cries out faintly.

" An' jus' then Mr. Adams's head comes out of another window, he havin' had a back chamber an' not havin' waked before.

" ' What's up? ' he says. ' Why, Paul, is that you? '

" An' Paul says sort of abrupt, ' Redcuts is comin'. I thought you ought to know.'

" An' Major Adams turns towards Hancock, who had come back to his window, an' he says, ' John, we'll go over to Woburn Precinct.

There's a good place to stay over there,' he says, 'an' we can get there in an hour or so. They'll never find us.'

"Jus' then the alarm-bell broke out on the Green.

"I'm goin' to go into the fight,' answers Hancock, all roused up by the sound. 'I'm not agoin' to hide any longer. It's time to fight.'

"No,' says Adams, who was slower an' wiser an' stronger than Hancock; 'you can't do it. Not yet. That's not your business. You must plan so other men can fight and win this war,' says Adams. 'Git dressed,' he says; an' Hancock's nightcap sort o' reluctantly disappeared out o' the row. 'Clarke, will y' get the coach at once?' Adams says.

"An' then they took their heads in out o' the windows, too, an' Paul went on to Concord.

"But Gran'ther said Mr. Hancock's coach was round in a minute, an' Miss Dorothy that was, lookin' as pretty as if she'd intended to get up an' go out anyhow, an' ol' Madame Hancock, very fussy, an' Adams, real sober an' plain, an' Hancock himself, elegant like he always was, climbed into the carriage an' drove away. Some says they went over to Parson Maret's, but Gran'ther always said they went over to Abel Wyman's, on the old road that's the Turnpike now. There's a cellar-hole there still.

"Mebbe," concluded Gran'ther, "the reason that Paul was captured 'fore he got to Concord was that he was detained so long gettin' started over from Lexin'ton. Paul was sort o' slow an' earnest, but he did his trick."



IF YOU KNEW—

BY ETHEL HALLETT PORTER

If you knew that the wood-way missed your feet,
And the birds call through the rain,
With a wistful note in the cadence sweet—
Would they call you back again?

If you knew that the pine-trees shelter still
This same little pool and glen,
That nothing is gone and nothing changed,
Would you seek this pathway, then?

If you knew that my heart, like a tight closed bud,
Had a secret folded there,
Awaiting the warmth of a word, a touch—
Would you care, dear heart, would you care?

SHORT-STORY MASTERPIECES

SECOND SERIES—RUSSIAN

IX. THE TREE AND THE WEDDING

By Féodor Mikhailovich Dostoyevsky

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY JOHN COURNOS, AND WITH
INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

DOSTOYEVSKY, APOSTLE TO THE LOWLY

IT is really a hopeless task to view within small compass so prolific and so intense a novelist as Féodor Mikhailovich Dostoyevsky.

Indeed, I long questioned the fitness of including him in this series of brief studies, for his little fictions are few; but Russian literature knows no more vigorous novelist than this inartistic though colossal figure, and any compendious treatment of Russian writers would seem inadequate which did not include the author of "Crime and Punishment." Apart from a few little stories, Dostoyevsky's short fictional creations are chiefly episodes in his long and mostly rambling novels—powerful and compact little digressions often almost unrelated to the main thread of the story, but worthy of existence separately as pieces of impressionism.

No finer tribute could be paid to a man than to recognize him as the apostle of humble folk—unless it were to add that this apostolate was free from the taint of demagoguery and solely the vocation of a tender spirit. Fifty years ago, in the Russia of the sixties, Dostoyevsky came to the full enduement of his ministry for man. What Jean François Millet saw in the French peasant, that the great Russian novelist felt in the *mouzhik*—the pathos of those who suffer under burdens, the heart-break of hopeless toil, the unexpected beauty gleaming in the midst of ugliness, honey hidden in the carcass of the lion.

No man ever lived a selfless life of service but his reward followed him—though often enough too late to cheer the rigors of his way. So too Dostoyevsky came to his own at last, but not till after a life of suffering, banishment, disease, disappointment, poverty, and debt; and he died just when his voice was heard most impressively, leaving his master-novel unfinished, and its author wept by forty thousand mourners

who followed his bier as delegates, so to call them, of the uncounted millions whose cries he had voiced.

We are all agreed that the function of literature is to portray life, but when we have said that, we have not begun at the beginning. What motive must be back of the portrayal? Or must there be no motive at all save that of picturing life faithfully? Here is where opinions divide, as well as upon that other question: Is all life proper subject-matter for literary portrayal?

Russian literature especially furnishes ground for such questionings, and the work of Dostoyevsky in particular; but to me it illustrates the view which seems to be the true one. The literary portrayal of life *must* have a motive beyond that of mere faithful delineation, for it is inevitable that the artist must foresee this truth: the effect which the contemplation of certain aspects of life had upon him will be the effect upon the reader after having read his transcription. So, the desire to reproduce an effect—impressionism, they call it in art—is in itself a powerful motive, changing according to the greatness or littleness of the effect to be produced.

Thus we have the whole range of possible motives for the portrayal of life in literature—entertainment, teaching, arousal, propaganda, what-not. This variation of motive naturally leads us to the question: *Who* should read? Certainly not every one should read everything, hence many books not bad in themselves become bad influences when placed in wrong hands. It is worth while remembering this in forming our judgments.

The second question—Is all life proper subject-matter for literary portrayal?—lies close beside the former. If we could assume that certain literary delineations would be held as material sacred to the pathologist of soul, of mind, of body, of society, we could unhesitatingly say “yes” to this question. But when we consider that the inevitable destiny of great writing is its free distribution in periodical or book form, we are certain that not all books are for all readers.

In discussing the work of Gorky in this series this question was touched upon. Here we face it again—Dostoyevsky is too true, too terrible, at times too revolting, for every one to read. Let no one read him who dreads to look upon scenes sad, terrible, funereal; who fears to enter hospitals, prisons, charnel houses, and the place of knout and execution. The message of this precursor of Bourget was not one of lyric sweetness, he never dwelt in ecstasy upon the beauties of forest and stream—man, not nature, was his theme. With a wildly passionate understanding—perhaps a diseased and certainly an abnormal understanding—he showed the furies of crime, the viciousness of those whom society has thrust out, the dull brutality of the under dog, the aborted

egoism of those who haunt every dark way—but in all he found goodness, for his eye was full of pity, always full of pity. To him crime was a misfortune more than a mark of sheer evil. A dangerous view? Yes—and a gentle one.

No man can persistently look upon his fellow men without awaking his own real self. Now, see how this doctrine of expression works itself out when we give due value to the personal equation. Here is a man who was born October 30, 1821, in a charity hospital in Warsaw, as the second of seven children. His father was a poor army surgeon, though of excellent birth, and his family lived in but two rooms; Féodor went to boarding-school when thirteen, was graduated with honors from the Military School of Engineering in St. Petersburg, received a good appointment, but soon resigned to give himself to literature.

His first novel, "Poor People" (1846), won him the name of the "new Gogol," but in 1849 he was unjustly arrested for inciting to insurrection, condemned to be shot, and reprieved after standing on the executioner's platform for twenty minutes in freezing weather while almost naked. Four terrible years in a Siberian prison nearly completed the ruin which a sickly constitution, shattered nerves, and epileptic attacks had begun. Brückner puts it thus dramatically: ". . . for no single moment, or at most when he collapsed under his load of bricks, did he feel himself a man." Yet, quite in the wonderful way that life often takes, this very prison era made the man and the novelist.

When at length he was released from prison, he served three years in the Siberian army, and finally was permitted to return home—to a period of struggle with his little magazine, its silly suppression by the censor, the ruin of his family, the death of his dear ones, the exhausting fight to bear the load of debt, the flight from the debtors' prison into foreign countries, the ill-rewarded toil which forever harassed him, in short, to a cycle of suffering which might well have worn out the strongest. No wonder that he had the sensation of being flayed alive—that every breath of air held pains in store for him.

Now suppose that such a maddening plenitude of experience should clamor for expression, why should not the unfortunate epileptic indite with his pen the diseased, the abnormal, the despairing, sensations which piled upon him with terrific weight year after year? He saw all with sympathy, why should not his soul-cries rouse the world to pity for what he saw?

There is an immeasurable area lying between that morbid mind which loves to depict the purlieus of life and that brave heart which reaches down deep into the filthy and the sickening for the sake of dragging somewhat of value up to the light. Dostoyevsky conceived that Russia could never energize her arm for saving service without a wide knowledge of what existed in every place of nameless horror. As a great

natural pathologist he understood the vagaries of the diseased and the defective; in Siberia he perforce mingled with the lowest criminals—the results he embodied in a score of novels, four or five of them great novels, for those to read who dare look in the face the life of the shadowy alleys, for those to avoid who prefer the light and airy high-paths.

What is more, no pleasant bucolic pipe can rouse like a bugle blast. Those who play the notes of beauty will exalt or pacify the soul, but those who would rouse the whole being must choose sturdy instruments and various. To shift the similitude, Russia needed no soothing unguents, her festering sores called for the heroic knife—first the exact diagnosis, then the knife. And Dostoyevsky showed always the truth—the sordid, noisome, revolting, pitiful truth—and, as this serene prophet saw that she would, Russia herself is more and more bravely using the knife. Yet beauty and sweetness and upper air are in his stories, too, especially if one sees beneath the surface.

Russia's greatest novelists are really three: Turgenev, the cosmopolitan, was an aesthete, an artist, a polished littérateur; Tolstoi, the mystic, was a brooding reformer, too self-centred to realize his humanitarian ideals, but a majestic figure in literature as in life; Dostoyevsky, the profoundly religious psychologist, was an unbalanced, fiery apostle, winging among the highest, stalking amidst the lowest, seeing visions not given to common men.

Dostoyevsky's novels are great not by reason of their art but from their artlessness, which is to say their explosive sincerity, like the incoherent violence of one who feels things too powerful for orderly utterance. In this they reflect his life only in that they reproduce what the seismograph of his spirit recorded. Outwardly, he was quiet, detached, even morose, his epileptic seizures doubtless sending him into the companionship of his own life; but his soul shook with the volcanic terrors which he perforce beheld, from his cradle in the charity hospital, through the turbulent years of Siberia, Russia, and the continent, down to the day of his too early taking-off at the age of fifty-nine.

Not all of his novels are worth general reading, even were they all available in English. He was too much preoccupied with his struggle with debt, his physical sufferings, his inner life, his passion of pity, his profound analyses of the characters about him, his tender religious faith, to allow him to study the graces of expression. In consequence, diffuseness and lack of compact, progressive plot—for he had no dramatic skill—characterize his work, and when he does rise to heights of beautiful utterance, which is not seldom, it is the outbursting of sheer feeling, the power of his theme, not the premeditated caperings of the self-conscious stylist. The man and his vehement message are far bigger than his technique.

Seven of his works must here be dismissed in as many paragraphs as they deserve chapters.

"Poor Folk," strongly influenced by Gogol's "The Cloak," was written when Dostoyevsky was twenty-five. Though told in the hand-capping form of letters, it made an immediate impression. Simplicity, human understanding, and compression—and the last was not one of his usual virtues—mark this spiritual history of two lives. It is an effective book, though not a great.

The years of Siberian torment yielded fruit in that remarkable example of criminal psychology, "Memories of a House of the Dead," 1861-62. Not Dickens, and certainly not Oscar Wilde, approached this dispassionate record of a tremendously passionate and passion-inspiring theme, the inside of a terrible prison, which stirred Europe just when Hugo was issuing *Les Misérables*. "His calm account of their unblushing knavery is entirely free from either vindictive malice or superior contempt. He loved them because they were buried alive, he loved them because of their wretchedness, with a love as far removed from condescension as it was from secret admiration of their bold wickedness." These words of Professor Phelps are singularly illuminating.

"Crime and Punishment," the best known to English readers of the author's works, is by many considered his masterpiece. Notwithstanding many waste places of digression, this book is a lofty peak. No one could picture in few words the tremendous story of that other Eugene Aram—Raskolnikov—the philosophical student of crime, his double murder, his confession to the courtesan Sonia, her great-hearted reception of the news, her counsel that he confess his crime, their life in Siberia, and the gradual regeneration of both souls through the ministry of service.

Then there is "The Gambler," in which Dostoyevsky's own passion for the green table is evidently recorded; and "The Idiot," a prince whose unworldly sweetness under the stress of epilepsy, and whose influence over the lives of all about him is a genuine creation; and "Possessed by Demons," a portrayal of Nihilism, largely written as a fling at Turgenev, whom Dostoyevsky never loved; and finally that gigantic conception, "The Karmazov Brothers," which he did not live to complete—a terrible yet sublime work that promised to be as soul-shaking as interminable.

The business of grown-up life is too serious to allow much space in Russian literature for that most really serious subject, child-life. Dostoyevsky is an exception. Though he has very few strong and beautiful women characters, his tender heart felt for every child, as witness the penetrating anecdotal sketch which here follows. Note its characteristic humor, tinged with satire; see the pity of it—a pity of situation, not of overwrought description; feel the essential right-mindedness

of it, written at a period when the modern view of girlhood's right to her own self was yet unpreached. This one powerful plea—without a word of homily, as it is—forms big enough foundation for the building of this man's name for great-heartedness and ranks him in this respect with Charles Dickens, whom he loved.

THE TREE AND THE WEDDING

A FEW days ago I saw a wedding . . . But no! I had better tell you about a Christmas tree. The wedding was fine in its way, and it pleased me immensely; but the other episode was more interesting. It is difficult to say why, at the sight of the wedding, I recalled the tree. This is how it happened.

Exactly five years ago, on New Year's Eve, I had been invited to a children's party. The personage who invited me was a well-known man of affairs, with many connections, a wide acquaintance, involved in intrigue; so it was quite natural to suppose that this children's party served as a mere pretext for the parents to crowd together and to discuss other interesting matters in what seemed like an innocent, accidental, and unpremeditated manner.

I was an outsider; I had little to talk about, and I therefore passed the evening quite independently. There was another gentleman present, who was apparently of no particular importance, and who, like myself, had stumbled upon this domestic happiness. He, above all others, attracted my attention. He was a tall, spare figure, quite serious in aspect and very neat in dress. But it was evident that he was beyond joyousness and domestic happiness. Once he betook himself to a corner, he immediately ceased to smile, but frowned with his dense, black brows. Except for the host, he was unacquainted with a single soul at the party. It was apparent that he was terribly bored, and that he sustained bravely until the end the rôle of a totally diverted and happy individual. I learned later that this gentleman was from the provinces, and had a very important head-splitting affair to settle in the capital; that he had a letter of recommendation to our host, who was not at all disposed to treat its bearer *con amore*, and had invited him to the children's party merely out of politeness. He was not asked to join in a game of cards, nor to help himself to a cigar; and no one thought to enter into conversation with him. It was possible that the species of bird was recognized from a distance by its feathers. At any rate, our gentleman, at a loss what to do with his hands, found it necessary to stroke his side-whiskers. The side-whiskers were indeed very good ones, but he stroked them with such assiduity that to look at him it was quite natural to presume that the

side-whiskers came into the world first, and that the gentleman was attached to them afterwards that he might stroke them.

Aside from this figure, participating after the manner described in the domestic happiness of the host—who had five well-fed boy youngsters—there was another gentleman who diverted me. He, however, was of a totally different character. In fact, a real personage. They called him Julian Mastakovich. The very first glance could have told you that he was a respected guest, and that his relation to the host was similar to the host's relation to the man who stroked his side-whiskers. The host and the hostess showered compliments upon him, waited upon him, flattered him, conducted their guests into his presence for introduction, while him they did not conduct to any one else. I observed how a tear glistened in the host's eyes when Julian Mastakovich said that seldom had he spent so pleasant an evening.

I experienced a disagreeable feeling before this person, and so after admiring the children I went into the small drawing-room, which was almost empty, and sat down in a kind of flowery arbor belonging to the hostess, and occupying almost half of the room.

The children were incredibly charming, and seemed determined not to resemble their elders, notwithstanding all the efforts of their mothers and governesses. In a twinkling they bared the tree to its last bonbon, and had managed to break half of the playthings before they knew for whom they were designated. Especially fine to look at was a dark-eyed, curly-haired lad, who aimed at me continuously with his wooden gun. But, above all, my attention was attracted by his sister, a girl of eleven years, as lovely as Cupid, quiet, pensive, pale, with large, musing eyes, slightly projecting out of their circles. The other children had somehow offended her; for that reason, she went into the very room where I sat, and, betaking herself into a corner, was soon occupied with her doll. The guests looked with great deference in the direction of her father, a wealthy proprietor, and some one mentioned in a half-whisper that a dowry of three hundred thousand rubles had already been laid aside for her.

I turned around to glance at those interested in this circumstance, and my gaze fell upon Julian Mastakovich, who, having thrust his hands behind him and inclined his head a trifle to the side, was listening with a marked intentness to the chatter of these folk.

Afterward I could not help but feel astonished at the sageness of the hosts in distributing the children's gifts. The little girl who already had a dowry of three hundred thousand rubles received the most expensive doll. Then followed the other gifts, growing lower in value in proportion to the lower standing of the parents of these happy children. The last youngster, a boy of ten years, meagre, diminutive, freckled, and red-haired, received only a small volume of tales dealing with the bounti-

fulness of nature, the joy of tears, and the like; the book contained no pictures, not even a decoration. He was the son of a poor widow, the governess of the host's children, and had a haunted, suppressed look. He was dressed in a wretched cotton jacket. Having received his book, he hovered for a long time around the toys; he had the most intense longing to play with the other children, but dared not; it was evident that he already felt and understood his position.

It is a favorite occupation of mine to observe children. It is highly interesting to mark in them certain early and free inclinations of their natures. I noted how the red-haired boy was tempted by the expensive playthings of the other children—and especially by a toy theatre, in which he showed a most eager desire to play some rôle—to such a degree that he adopted an ingratiating manner to attain his end. He smiled and joined the other children in their play, gave up his apple to one puffed-up youngster who already had a whole handkerchiefful of gifts tied to his body, and even offered to carry another boy on his back, if only they would not drive him away from the theatre. Soon, however, a bully in the party gave him a sound drubbing. The boy did not dare to cry out. Presently the governess, his mother, appeared, and ordered him not to interfere with the other children's play. The boy went into the room where the little girl was. She permitted him to join her, and the two of them were at once absorbed very earnestly in the rich doll.

I had been sitting in the ivy bower a half-hour and had almost dozed off, while listening to the small chatter of the red-haired boy and the beauty with three hundred thousand rubles' dowry, solicitous over the doll, when suddenly Julian Mastakovich walked into the room. He took advantage of a particularly disgraceful quarrel among the children to steal out of the reception-room. I had noticed that only a few moments before he was discussing very fervently with the father of the future rich bride, whose acquaintance he had only just made, the preëminence of one kind of service over another. At this instant he stood as if lost in thought, and seemed to be making a calculation of some sort upon his fingers.

"Three hundred . . . three hundred," he whispered. "Eleven . . . twelve . . . thirteen . . . sixteen . . . five years! Say at four per cent—five times twelve equals sixty; at compound interest . . . well, let us suppose in five years it ought to reach four hundred. Yes, that's it. . . . But the rascal surely has it salted away at more than four per cent. Eight or ten is more likely. Well, let's say five hundred—five hundred thousand at the very least; not counting a few extra for rags . . . h'm . . ."

Having ended his calculation, he sneezed vigorously and moved to leave the room, when suddenly, his eye alighting upon the little girl, he stopped. He did not see me behind the vases of flowers. He seemed to me to be violently agitated. Either his calculation had upset him, or

something else; but he did not know what to do with his hands, and was unable to remain on one spot. His agitation increased—*ne plus-ultra*—when he stopped and threw another determined glance at the future bride. He was about to move forward, but first looked around. Then he approached the child on his tiptoes, as if conscious of guilt. Smiling, he bent over her and kissed her head; while she, not expecting this onslaught, cried out from fright.

"What are you doing here, sweet child?" he asked in a whisper, glancing around him, and pinching the little girl's cheek.

"We are playing. . . ."

"Ah! With him?" Julian Mastakovich looked askew at the boy. "Go into the next room, like a nice little boy," he said to him.

The boy was silent and gazed at him with perturbed eyes. Julian Mastakovich looked around once more and bent over the little girl.

"And what have you, sweet child, a doll?" he asked.

"Yes, a doll," answered the little girl, frowning, and quailing visibly.

"A doll. . . . And do you know, sweet child, what the doll is made of?"

"I don't know," answered the little girl in a whisper, lowering her head.

"Of rags, my darling. . . . And you, my boy, you had better go into the other room to your fellows," said Julian Mastakovich, as he looked severely at the youngster. The girl and the boy frowned and caught hold of each other. They did not wish to part.

"And do you know why they gave you this doll?" asked Julian Mastakovich, lowering his voice more and more.

"I don't know."

"Because you have been a lovely and well-behaved child the entire week."

At this juncture, Julian Mastakovich, agitated to the utmost, looked round and, lowering his tone to a whisper, asked finally in an almost inaudible voice, dying away more and more from agitation and impatience:

"And will you love me, sweet girlie, when I shall come as a guest to your papa and mamma?"

Having said this, Julian Mastakovich made one more effort to kiss the lovely child; but the red-haired boy, quick to see that she was at the point of tears, seized her hands and, out of deep sympathy for her, began to whimper. Julian Mastakovich became quite angry.

"Begone, begone from here, begone!" he said to the boy. "Begone into the other room! Begone, to your own fellows!"

"No, don't go! Don't go! You had better go," said the young girl, "but leave him alone, leave him alone!" She was almost in tears.

Presently there was a commotion just within the door. Julian Masta-

kovich immediately rose to his feet, somewhat frightened. The red-haired boy was even more frightened. He left his companion and stole out silently, with his hands brushing the wall, into the dining-room. To hide his confusion, Julian Mastakovich followed him. He was as red as a lobster, and when he looked in the glass he seemed appalled at his own image. Perhaps he was annoyed at his rage and impatience. Perhaps the calculation he made earlier on his fingers had so affected him, tempting and inflaming him, that, notwithstanding his position and dignity, he was impelled to act like a young boy to attain his object, despite the fact that the object in any case could be attained only five years hence. I followed the esteemed gentleman into the dining-room and witnessed a strange scene. Julian Mastakovich, his face all red from irritation and malice, was pursuing the red-haired boy, who, retreating farther and farther from him, did not know what to do with himself in his fright.

"Begone with you! What are you doing here? Begone, you good-for-nothing! Begone! Stealing fruit, are you? Stealing fruit? Begone, good-for-nothing! Begone, unclean one! Begone, begone to the likes of yourself!"

The frightened boy, driven to desperate measures, tried to get under the table. Then his pursuer, enraged to the last degree, drew out his long batiste handkerchief and lashed it out at the cowering boy.

It is necessary to mention that Julian Mastakovich was a trifle fat. He was a sated, red-cheeked, stoutish person, large at the waist and with fat legs; he was as round as a nut. He began to perspire, to pant, and to grow fearfully red. His fury knew no bounds, so great was his feeling of malice and, who knows, perhaps jealousy? I laughed out loud. Julian Mastakovich turned around, and in spite of his importance was covered with most abject confusion. At this instant, the host entered by the opposite door. The boy climbed out from under the table and wiped his knees and elbows. Julian Mastakovich made haste to put his handkerchief, which he held by one corner, to his nose.

The host, not without perplexity, surveyed the three of us; but, like a man who understood life and looked at it with a serious eye, availed himself of the opportunity to speak to his guest alone.

"This is the youngster," said he, pointing at the red-haired boy, "whom I had the pleasure of mentioning to you . . ."

"Ah?" answered Julian Mastakovich, not yet fully recovered from his discomfiture.

"He is the son of the governess of my children," continued the host in an appealing voice. "She is a poor woman, a widow, the wife of an honest official; and it is for this reason that . . . Julian Mastakovich, is it possible to . . ."

"Oh, no, no!" Julian Mastakovich made haste to exclaim. "No,

Philip Alekseievich; I am sorry, but it is utterly impossible. There is no vacancy, and even if there were, there would be ten candidates for the place, each having a greater right to it than he. . . . It is a great pity, a great pity . . . ”

“Yes, a pity,” repeated the host. “He is such a modest, quiet lad. . . .”

“And quite a scamp, I should say,” added Julian Mastakovich, his mouth hysterically athwart. “Begone, boy! Why are you standing there? Go to your equals!”

At this point he could not restrain himself any longer, and looked at me with one eye. I too could not resist, and laughed straight in his face. Julian Mastakovich turned away immediately, and with sufficient distinctness for me to hear asked the host the identity of “that strange young man.” They exchanged whispers and left the room. I observed afterward how Julian Mastakovich, listening to the host, shook his head incredulously.

Having laughed to my heart’s content, I returned to the reception-room. There the great man, surrounded by the fathers and the mothers of families, the host and the hostess, was speaking with great warmth to a lady to whom he had just been introduced. The lady held by her hand the little girl with whom only ten minutes before he had made the scene. Now he was lavish in his praises and raptures over the beauty, talents, manners, and breeding of the lovely child. He was plainly playing the wheedler before the mother. She listened to him, almost with tears of joy in her eyes. The father’s lips smiled. The prevailing spirit of good-will rejoiced the heart of the host. Even all the guests lent a sympathetic hand, and made the children stop their games in order not to interfere with the conversation. The entire atmosphere was saturated with devotion. I heard later how the mother of the interesting little girl, touched to the very depths of her heart, begged Julian Mastakovich, in most effusive language, to do her the great honor of conferring on the house more often his precious presence; I heard with what undisguised joy Julian Mastakovich accepted the invitation, and how the guests, dispersing afterward in various directions as propriety demanded, exchanged with one another complimentary salutations regarding the host, the hostess, the little girl, and in particular Julian Mastakovich.

“Is this gentleman married?” I asked almost aloud of an acquaintance who stood nearest to Julian Mastakovich.

Julian Mastakovich threw at me a searching and malicious glance.

“No!” answered my acquaintance, mortified deeply at the awkwardness which I committed purposely. . . .

Not long ago I was passing the —— Church, and I was astonished at the tremendous crowd that had gathered there. Every one

talked about a wedding. It was a bleak day in late autumn. I made my way through the crowd and caught a glimpse of the bridegroom. He was a round, satiated, pot-bellied little person, very much adorned. He ran hither and thither, fussed, and gave orders. At last a murmur went through the crowd, announcing the arrival of the bride. I squeezed through the crowd and saw an astoundingly beautiful girl, who had hardly experienced the first bloom of spring. But the beautiful girl was pale and sad. She looked bewildered; and it seemed to me that her eyes were red from newly-shed tears. The classic rigidity of her features imparted to her beauty a kind of dignity and strength. But through all this rigidity and dignity, through all this sadness, there penetrated the first aspect of childhood's innocence; it suggested something naïve, fragile, and juvenile to the last degree; and though the look bespoke resignation, it also seemed to utter a silent prayer for mercy.

It was said in the crowd that she had just passed her sixteenth birthday. An intent scrutiny of the bridegroom suddenly revealed him to me as Julian Mastakovich, whom I had not seen for exactly five years. I looked at her. . . . My God! I quickly made haste to leave the church. In the crowd they were telling each other how rich the bride was, that she had a dowry of five hundred thousand rubles . . . and so much besides in rags. . . .

"At any rate, his calculation was a good one!" I reflected, as I jostled my way into the street.

TROUBADOUR SONG

BY FREDERICK H. MARTENS

In Paynim lands ayant the sea,
The Heathen know no chevalrie;
And vainly ardent lovers sigh
'Neath casements barred of towers high:
Now Goddis name to praise I'm fain
That 't is not so in Aquitaine!

For here may love bloom like the rose,
As free, as fair, as breeze—that blows;
No bars, no bolts, but will not spring
When lover his *canzon* doth sing.
Now Goddis name be praised again
That thus it is in Aquitaine!

CELEBRATION

By Helen Coale Crew

IT is a matter of some astonishment that man is the noisy creature that he is, when for generations so much has been accomplished by Nature before his eyes with so little sound or fury. It is true that Niagara speaks with deafening roar and the thunder reverberates loudly, but these are exceptions to the general rule. And when town-meetings are held, or revivals, or a President is elected, or a new century ushered in, or our country's birthday celebrated, as now, there is noise enough to drown Niagara, and the thundering of the heavens is a mere whisper in comparison.

But see how Nature goes about her creative work, as important—perhaps—as the making of a country. April comes; and suddenly, by an utterly silent conquest, winter is routed and the naked earth covered by a myriad grass-blades. It would require patience and a mathematical head to compute the enormous energy expended in pushing up that huge green army every spring. It is a magnificent accomplishment. But is there a sound of trumpets? Or any hand-clapping? Or fireworks? An acorn sprouts, and through the voiceless work of a crescent century a mighty oak is reared, inch by inch, carrying its leaf-crowned head high in air, symbol of strength and majesty. But not a shout! Not a single halloo! Every day since the world began the sun has risen. The sleeping trees are tossed awake by invisible hands, the morning stillness scarcely broken by their windy murmurings. Out of the darkness has come a silver streak, a pearly gleam, a rosy glow, a crimson glory, a golden flame—the sun! the sun! Is it unimportant, this daily uprising? Yet Nature stands as silent as a sphinx before the splendor of it.

The very making of a man, important as he is and thinks himself to be, is accomplished without noise. At his appearance his own newborn cry is the chief celebration of the event. That there is here a new marvel, a man-to-be, is not, apparently, a matter for any general shouting, unless he happen to be a part of that long-drawn-out celebration and self-gratulation known as royalty. In that case cannons and throats become hoarse with noisiness. But Nature has nothing to do with that! Without sound she made him, in the womb, her workshop. And when he has cried and laughed and shouted his noisy way through life and is at

last awearied of his own blatancy, she carries him to the tomb, her other workshop, a place of vast silences. It is there she makes her grass-blades.

However, our country's birthday has come. Let us make a joyful noise—or, at least, a *noise!* Let the cannons burst themselves and the trumpets split open! Let the children suffer, if need be! There are children a-plenty; let a few score or a few hundreds be maimed to-day! Let us mark our nation's progress with little white milestones! Glorification must be maintained! *We* made this country, and everybody is going to know it!

EVERYMAN AND SOME WOMAN

BEASTS of Pray—Hypocrites.

"*Dear Me!*" breathes the Egoist softly.

THE line of least resistance is the waist-line.

PLAIN wives are less wearing than fluffy ones.

MANY who cry, "Pooh! pooh!" shy at No. 13.

OLD age is more fearful to Beauty than God's wrath.

THE Piper does not believe in long credit. He collects often.

To be direct is to be unfeminine. Few women are—unfeminine.

SILENCE is more often leaden than golden, after the knot is tied.

WOMEN forgive only those errors that they might have committed.

'T is better to be an old man's Pet Lamb than a young man's Goat.

To be poor and brainy is an affliction, but to be rich and brainless is tragic.

SATAN never is more dangerous than when chanting the Litany of clothes.

WHO doubts the "Brotherhood of Man" has never seen them mix at "The Game."

Minna Thomas Antrim

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY INDUSTRY

By Edward Sherwood Mead, Ph.D.

ARTICLE II.—RAILWAY LABOR AND RAILWAY INVESTMENT

THE most important problem before the American people is the problem of railway development. The United States is still an undeveloped country. Three-fourths of its territory, industrially considered, lies north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi. The West and the South are yet in the infancy of business development.

The realization of the immense possibilities of this country must depend upon the extension and development of our railroad facilities. It has been estimated by men whose opinions carry great weight that at least one billion dollars each year for years to come should be spent in railroad building and rebuilding. Some of this new construction will be immediately profitable. On the largest part, the profits will be deferred. That vast expenditure which is demanded by considerations of public safety and commerce may never be profitable.

The railroads are unprepared to accommodate a large increase of traffic, not because they have not foreseen the return of good times, but because of certain factors in the situation which make directors hesitate to invest great sums of money, even when the condition of their credit permits these great sums to be raised.

This feeling of doubt and distrust of the future which is everywhere encountered among railway officials and financiers is due, primarily, to the increasing pressure of the Railway Brotherhoods for higher wages.

If railway expenses are not increased, the present scale of rates will yield satisfactory profits. But from the attitude of railway labor, railway expenses will increase. From the standpoint of the railway and of the country, as well, the announced determination of the railway organization to increase the wages of its members is of far more serious import than the unyielding attitude of the Commerce Commission.

It is a trite saying, but a true one, that transportation is the life-blood of commerce. The specialization of different regions to those industries which, from the character of the population, the natural resources, or the proximity to markets, are best adapted to them, has been carried so far in this country that free and continuous interchange of commodities is indispensable, not only to industry, but to existence. Suspend the operation of the railroads of the United States for one week, and the resulting damage would be almost incalculable. It would be measured not in money and in goods alone, but in human suffering and human life. How many cities in this country are provisioned for one week? How long would the supply of fuel and material for the mills and factories suffice if fresh supplies were interrupted? The answers to the questions are furnished by every snow-storm which ties up the railroads of a section even for a few days. Every business in the region feels the effect. The whole population suffers inconvenience, and the business losses are heavy. How much more serious would be the effect of a general and protracted suspension of railroad transportation! It would be a national calamity comparable to the effects of war or pestilence; a catastrophe which it is almost unthinkable that any body of men, for their own ends, however worthy and reasonable those ends might be, would combine to bring upon the country; or, to look at the matter from another standpoint, it is even more unthinkable that the responsible heads of the railway companies would allow a general suspension of operation to take place if the most extreme concession on their part could prevent.



Into this situation of absolute dependence upon the continuous operation of the railroads, a situation fraught with the possibilities of national disaster, enter the Railway Brotherhoods with their periodic demands for increases in wages, reduction in hours, and more favorable conditions of employment.

One set of these demands made by the Brotherhood of Trainmen is now being considered by the Trunk Lines. The firemen and engineers have recently gained important concessions from arbitration boards. As soon as this difficulty is settled—and from past experience a portion at least of the demands of the union will be granted—the never-ending controversy will be transferred to some other section or some other organization. The pressure of the unions upon the railroads is increasing and unceasing.

In these discussions and contests, organized railway labor possesses a predominant advantage: they know just how valuable their services

are; they know that the trains must run, and that no men outside their organizations can run them. Consider for a moment the extent of their advantage by comparison with labor contests in other fields. If the anthracite miners strike, the country suffers, but there are ways of escape for the consumer: he can turn to bituminous coal or to gas, and there are reserves of anthracite to draw upon. If the bituminous miners strike, the users of bituminous coal can live for a time on their own reserve, or they can change their grates to burn anthracite. The last great strike in the iron and steel industry had little more than a local significance and effect.

Let the railroad men strike, however, and, as 1877 and 1894 showed, the entire country feels the blow. Every class, every community, every business, is affected. The four Railway Brotherhoods hold in their hands the prosperity of the United States. Because they possess an absolute monopoly of the skilled labor necessary to conduct the business of transportation, they have the power to cripple every business in the country. Skilled railway operators can not be replaced by non-union men. For locomotive engineers or firemen, there are few substitutes. If they cease to labor, the trains cease to move, commerce comes to a standstill, factories close, business staggers and stops. The effect of the suspension of cash payments by the banks in 1907 is still remembered. The situation at that time gave but a faint indication of the damage which the country would sustain by the suspension of the railroads.



Railway managers know this, railway employees know this. In every controversy over wages, hours of employment, or working conditions, the unique position of the railway as an indispensable public servant, and the extraordinarily powerful position of the railway employee of that public servant, are present in the minds of the contestants. Such a contest is unequal: the men have all the advantage, they can throw the railroads into bankruptcy and the country into ruin, and they know it. They know further that even if the railway managers' own dispositions set in this direction, public opinion will not allow them to force the issue. They must make concessions. In every contest they must yield something. All, therefore, that is required is for the men to return again and yet again, with ever increasing demands, and they can obtain the entire surplus revenue of the railroad.

I do not claim that the railway employees will carry their demands to this point, or that the desire to confiscate the dividends of the railway stockholders has ever entered the minds of their leaders. They have it in their power, however, to advance their wages to the point where the

present scale of dividends can no longer be maintained. When Lord Clive, on his return from India, was accused in the House of Commons with the practice of extortion, he replied, "Sir, when I think what I might have taken, I am astonished at my own moderation." With equal justice, the Railway Brotherhoods can point to the evidence of their moderation in the fact that the railroads can still pay dividends and lay aside something for their surplus accounts.



This situation is fraught with possibilities of peril. So far as the Interstate Commerce Commission is concerned, the railroads have little to fear. If the Commission will not sanction a general advance in rates, it is equally unlikely that it will order their general reduction. Railway rates, the products of innumerable adjustments and compromises, tend constantly to stability. Each year the difficulty of change, because of the wider reaching consequences of change, becomes greater. Adjustments between localities and classes of traffic, reductions in special cases, may be made; but the danger of a general reduction in rates which shall affect earnings is slight. It is not so with the labor situation. Here the representatives of organized labor have set no limit to their demands, short of the utmost ability of the railroads to pay. In their opinion, railway wages will never be high enough. They are willing to endorse the railroads' demands for higher rates, out of which higher wages might be paid, and, in fact, this proposition has been seriously advanced by some of their leaders. They will not, however, concede that railway wages can be limited, that, for example, the locomotive engineer should be restricted to a maximum of eighty dollars per month, a salary upon which he can purchase his house and send his children to the high school. They desire that his wages shall rise to two hundred and fifty dollars per month, upon which he can send his children to college. No matter how high railway wages go, they are still too low, in the engineer's own opinion, for his necessities, his responsibilities, and his deserts.

And, after all, if only these demands can be reconciled with the necessities of the country, for a full development of its resources, and with the just claims of the railroad stockholders and creditors, why should the railway employee be denied his wish to rise to a higher plane of existence? Every day millions of people trust their lives to the men who run the trains, walk the tracks, and operate the signals and switches. What compensation will be considered too much for the faithful performance of this trust? What public servant has a more responsible position than the locomotive engineer? Who has charge of a larger amount of property? Upon whose competence and vigilance depend so large a number of human lives?

Let us come to the issue of the question: How can the demands of the railway men be met—demands which they apparently have present power to enforce, however gradually, with whatever degree of conservatism they go about enforcing them—while at the same time the needs of the country for additional capital may be met? Under present conditions, the profits of the railroads, present and prospective, large though they are, are not large enough to induce a sufficient amount of investment to meet the national requirements. The country has had abundant proof that in recent years sufficient money has not been spent upon railway facilities. Unless the outlook for railway profits becomes more favorable, these facilities will become increasingly inadequate. What, then, is to be done? Shall rates be advanced to permit the payment of higher wages? How will this mend matters? If rates go up and wages rise with them, shippers and consumers are burdened and railway credit is not improved. It is by following no such vicious circle that the solution of the problem is to be found. The United States will never reach a permanent solution of its transportation problem until railway labor can be brought to realize and recognize that the railroads are entitled—in the words of the Supreme Court—"to a reasonable return upon a fair value of their property employed in the public service"; and this reasonable return is not to be the rate of interest on the best first mortgages, but such a rate of profit, averaging good years with bad, as will attract capital into railroad securities. More than this, the railroad stockholder does not and should not claim; less than this means an arrested railway development, a slow and halting industrial development, a condition of prolonged business stagnation, broken only by fitful gleams of temporary prosperity.



AT DAWN

BY GRACE E. MOTT

SHE comes to me in that mysterious hour
When Night, departing, wakes Morn with a kiss.
My childhood's self! Her face, like some white flow'r,
Bends o'er mine own and mocks me with its bliss.

O little wraith, return to Shadowland!
For, stayed you here, how could I bear to view
Your sad surprise when, seeing what I am,
You think of all that I had promised you?